

NO.
5

SUMMER
ISSUE

10¢



ALL



WINNERS



INVASION FLEET
No 12

WARNING
FLOATING
TIME BOMB

TIMELY
COMICS

AMERICA'S
GREATEST
HEROES BATTLE
THE NAZI TERROR
INVASION FLEET!

ALL WINNERS

SUMMER
ISSUE

Stan Lee,
Editor

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**TIMELY
COMICS**

HUMAN TORCH:

Invading the Nazis' Secret Den!

CAPTAIN AMERICA:

Battling the Vampire of Doom!

WHIZZER:

Speed on the Rampage!

DESTROYER:

A Grim Game of Horror!

SUB MARINER:

The Demons' Deadly Secret!



HAVE YOU READ "KRAZY KOMICS"?

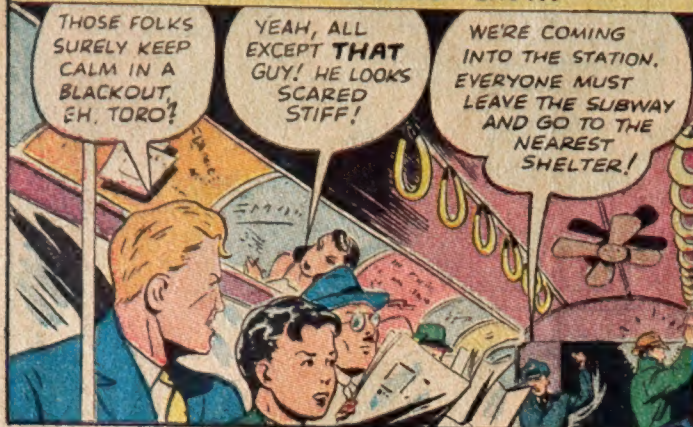
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HUMAN TORCH

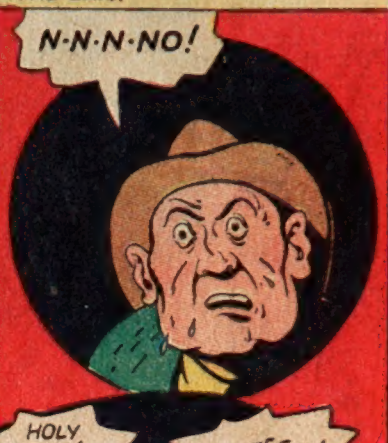


THE MURDEROUS
NAZI GANGSTERS
HID A SECRET
HEADQUARTERS
FROM EVERYONE!
...UNTIL THE FEARLESS
HUMAN TORCH'S
FIERY HAND TORE
APART THE WEB
OF MYSTERY!

A TEST BLACKOUT IN NEW YORK! **TORCH** AND **TORO** ARE IN THE FIRST CAR OF A ROCKING SUBWAY TRAIN WHICH SPEEDS INTO A STATION TO DISCHARGE PASSENGERS IN ACCORDANCE WITH AIR RAID REGULATIONS...



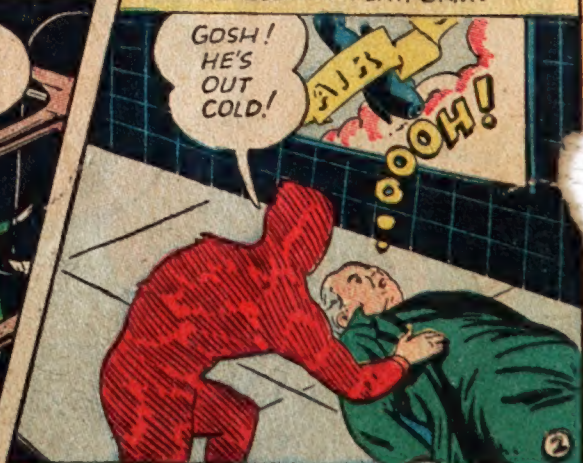
TORO SEES THE TERRIFIED MAN LOOK TOWARD THE REAR OF THE CAR!



LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING, THE **HUMAN TORCH** FLASHES TO THE RESCUE!...



...AND SETS THE MAN DOWN ON THE SUBWAY PLATFORM!



... AS TWO PASSENGERS SWIFTLY LEAVE THE SUBWAY TRAIN, **TORO** CHARGES INTO THE MAN WITH THE GUN!



YOU
SCARED HIM
--NOT THE
BLACKOUT!

I GIFF
YOU DIS,
AMERICAN
SWINE!

TORO FLARES UP AND
FOLLOWS...



HIDING IN THE
DARK WON'T HELP
YOU, NAZI SKUNK!

I MUST
GET
OUT!

THE SOUND OF THE
SHOT MUST HAVE
BEEN BLOTTED OUT
BY THE ROAR OF
THE SUBWAY TRAIN!
THIS GUY'S DYING!



MEANWHILE, **TORCH** HAS
MADE A STARTLING
DISCOVERY!



I THOUGHT I SAVED
HIM, BUT HE'S BEEN
SHOT IN THE
BACK!

SPEAK!--
TELL ME
ABOUT
IT!

THE NAZIS--
--SABOTAGE
SUBWAY--
--DURING--
BLACKOUT!
--WATCHED
--ME--ALL--
THE-TIME!



MY WIFE--CHILDREN--
IN GERMANY--WOULD
BE--KILLED--IF I
--REFUSED-- BUT
I--AN AMERICAN
CITIZEN--SUICIDE
WAS BETTER!



AS THE SUBWAY LIGHTS ARE
BLACKED OUT, THE **HUMAN**
TORCH FORMS A SMALL FIRE-
CANDLE FOR THE MAN TO SEE BY.

QUICK! WHERE
IS THE NAZI
HEADQUARTERS?

THEY--HAVE
STEAMSHIP
OFFICE--
--CONEY
ISLAND!



DEAD!...

SOMEONE FIRED
THE SHOT SO THAT
THIS MAN COULD
NOT SPEAK--
IF THE SUICIDE
ATTEMPT WAS
NOT SUCCESSFUL!
HEY! WHERE'S
TORO?



BUT **TORO** IS HAVING DIFFICULTY IN CHASING THE NAZI, WHO DASHES FOR AN EXIT.

IF I DON'T KEEP NEAR HIM, I WON'T SEE A THING IN THIS BLACKOUT!

ACH! I VILL GET OUT!

TORO TURNS OFF HIS FLAME!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

VAT ISS?

IF I CAN'T SEE-- NEITHER CAN YOU! NAZI!

OUCH!

THE HUSKY NAZI PUSHES **TORO** OFF AND RUSHES UP THE EMERGENCY STEPS INTO THE INKY DARKNESS OF THE BLACKED-OUT STREET...

DOT BRAT FIGHTS LIKE A TIGER! ACH! DIS BLACKOUT!

IT'LL BE WORSE IF I GET YOU!

WISHING TO COOPERATE IN THE TEST BLACKOUT, **TORO** DOES NOT FLAME UP OUTSIDE.

HE'LL NEVER FIND ME IN DIS AIR-RAID SHELTER! ACH!

WHERE IN HECK DID HE GO?

TORO, DISAPPOINTED, MANAGES TO PICK HIS WAY BACK TO THE SUBWAY, IN SEARCH OF THE **TORCH**...

TORCH! **TORCH!**

SO THERE YOU ARE, YOU LITTLE FIREBUG! WHERE THE DEVIL WERE YOU?

TORCH AND **TORO** COMPARE NOTES! ...

SO HE GOT AWAY, EH? WELL, AS SOON AS THE BLACKOUTS OVER, WE'RE HEADING FOR CONEY ISLAND!

HEY! THAT'S THE ALL CLEAR NOW! LET'S FLAME UP AND GET GOING!

...THE BLACKOUT OVER, TWO FIERY COMETS STREAK TO CONEY ISLAND IN SEARCH OF THE SPY HEADQUARTERS.

THAT NAZI SURE WAS A GOOD SHOT, TORO!

YEAH! I GOT A MIGHTY GOOD LOOK AT HIS FACE, TOO!

IN CONEY ISLAND, **TORCH** AND **TORO** SEARCH FRUITLESSLY FOR THE "STEAMSHIP OFFICE."

LET'S SHOOT OVER TO SURF AVENUE, THE AMUSEMENT STREET. MAYBE IT'S THERE!

FLUTTERIN' FIREFLIES, TORCH! WE'VE WASTED TWO HOURS ALREADY!

A FEW SECONDS LATER ...

NO WONDER HE'S SUCH A GOOD SHOT! HE CERTAINLY CAN PRACTISE PLENTY AT THAT SHOOTING GALLERY!

LOOK! THAT'S THE GUY WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

MEANWHILE, AT THE SHOOTING GALLERY, THE NAZI MURDERER DEMONSTRATES HIS SKILL.

WONDERFUL, JA!

ACH! I CAN SHOOT MIT MY EYES CLOSED!

BANG!

I'VE GOT A PLAN, TORO! YOU STAY OUT OF SIGHT!

OKAY, TORCHY!

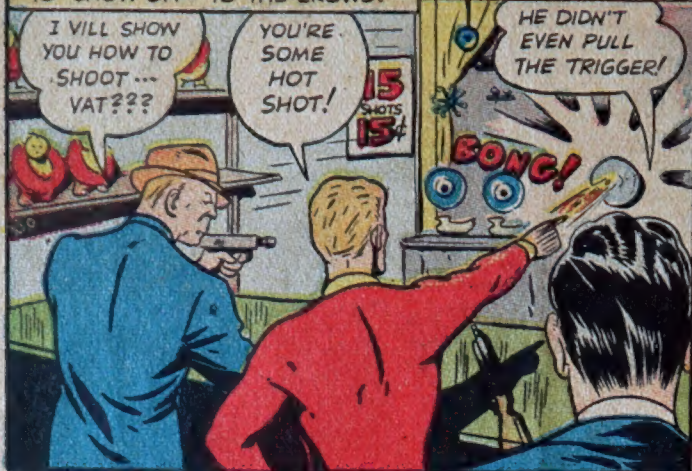
THE BOLD **HUMAN TORCH** PRETENDS HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE THE NAZI SPY...

LET ME TAKE A FEW SHOTS, WILL YOU, MISTER? THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GUN IN THE PLACE!

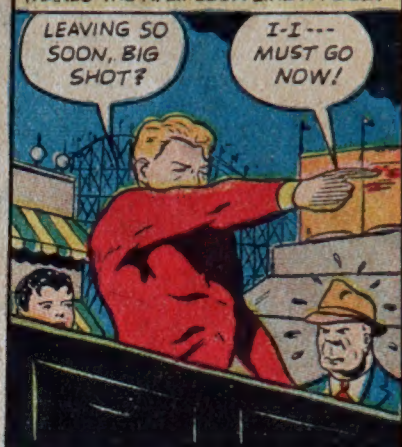
VAIT! I'M NOT FINISHED, DUMSKOPF!

ACH! DER **HUMAN TORCH**!

FLUSTERED AT HAVING RECOGNIZED **TORCH**, THE NAZI TRIES TO "SHOW OFF" TO THE CROWD.



THE **HUMAN TORCH** SHOOTS OUT BULLETS OF INVISIBLE FLAME AND MAKES THE NAZI LOOK LIKE A FOOL.



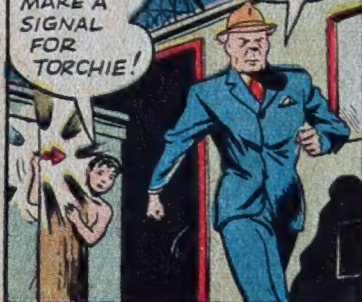
JUST AS I FIGURED! HE'S GOING TO WARN HIS GANG! TRAIL HIM, TORO!



THE PLAN WORKS, AND **TORO** FOLLOWS THE SPY.

NOW WE'LL FIND OUT WHERE THE "STEAMSHIP OFFICE" HEAD-QUARTERS ARE! I'LL MAKE A SIGNAL FOR TORCHIE!

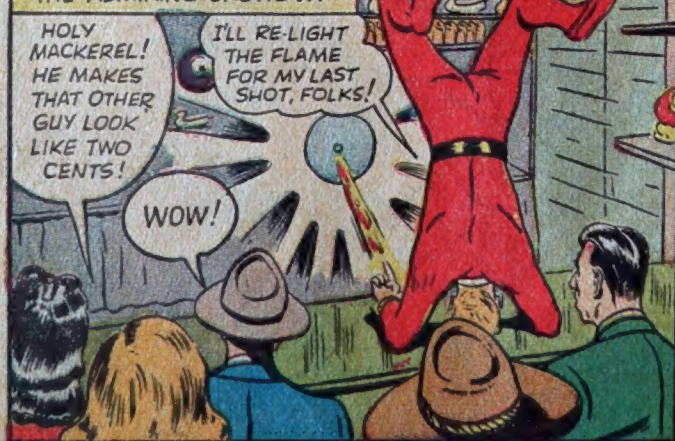
ACH! DOT TORCH IS EVERYWHERE. I MUST WARN DER CAPTAIN!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...



...MEANWHILE, **TORCH** PUTS ON A THRILLING EXHIBITION OF TARGET SHOOTING FOR THE ADMIRING CROWD...



THE **TORCH** LEAVES THE SHOOTING GALLERY AND FOLLOWS **TORO'S** ARROWS.



BY FOLLOWING THE ARROWS, **TORCH** HAS NOT HAD TO FLAME UP AND GIVE HIS PRESENCE AWAY.

THIS IS THE BOARDWALK AND I'VE PASSED MY LAST ARROW -- WHERE IN THE WORLD CAN TORO BE NOW!

TORCH SHOOTS A COLD FIRE STAR INTO THE MIDNIGHT SKY!

IF TORO'S AROUND, HE'LL ANSWER THAT ONE!

LOOK!... FIREWORKS! WEE-EEE!

THERE'S TORO'S ANSWER. HE'S RIGHT NEAR THAT STEAMSHIP AT PLAY PIER! WELL, HERE I GO!

... MEANWHILE, IN THE STEAMSHIP ALONGSIDE THE PIER...

LOAD DOT BOMB ONTO DER OXYGEN CYLINDERS, MEN!

JA, HERR KAPITAN VON SPITZ!

YOU HAFF A SMART HEAD, ALL RIGHT!

VE VILL DELIVER DER BOMB TO DOT HOSPITAL ALONG MIT DER OXYGEN TANKS!

BEFORE DER AMERICANS KNOW VOT HAPPENED, DERE VILL BE T'OUSANDS DEAD! JA!

SUDDENLY THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR!

DER SIGNAL! IT MUST BE HANS COMING BACK FROM DER BLACKOUT!

ACH! DEY MUST HEV DER SUBWAY BLOWN TO PIECES!

COME!

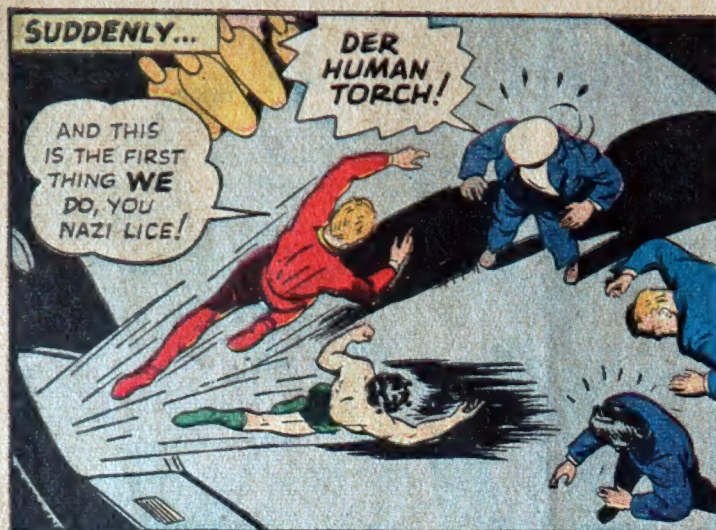
THE NAZI MURDERER ENTERS.

VE FAILED! DER MAN COMMITTED SUICIDE-- UND DER HUMAN TORCH IS NOW IN CONEY ISLAND!

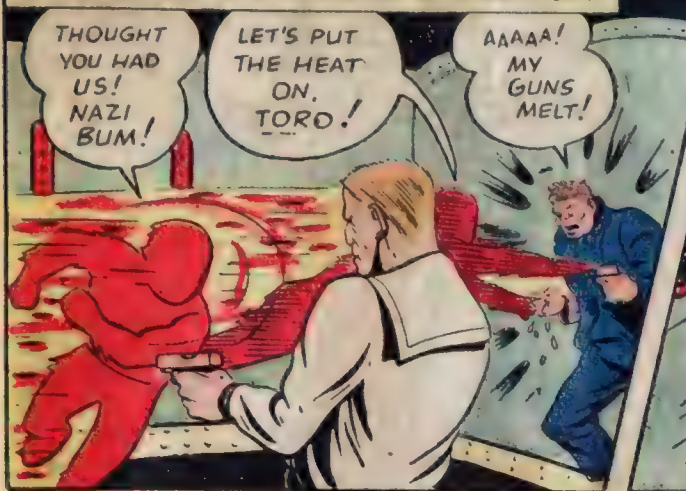
VOT?! I MUST ACT QUICK!

UND DIS IS DER FIRST TING I VILL DO, DUMBKOPF!

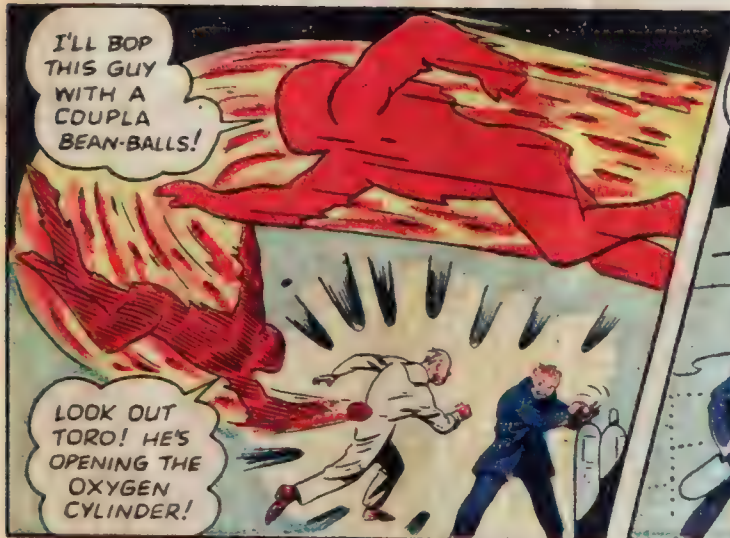
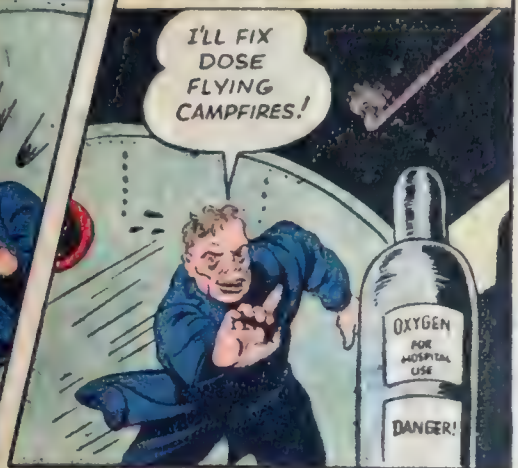
AAAAA!



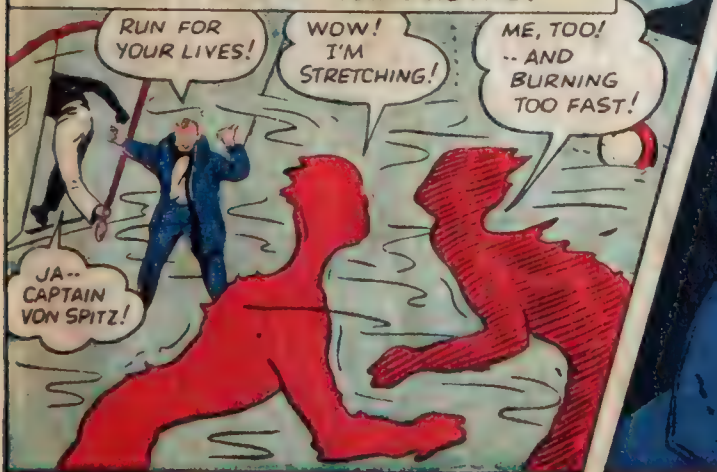
BUT THE SONS OF FIRE INSTANTLY FLAME UP!



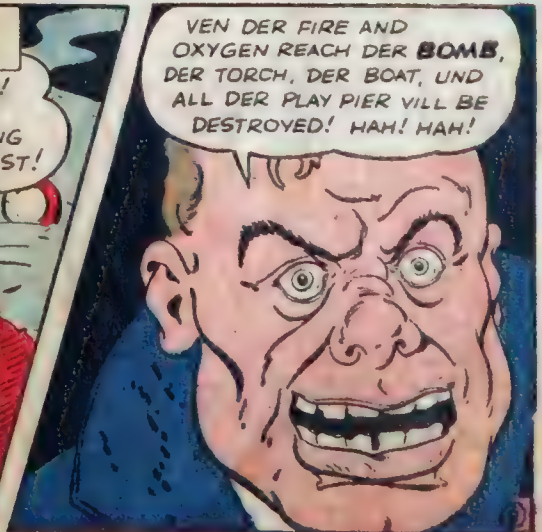
THE NAZI CAPTAIN RUSHES OVER TO THE OXYGEN CYLINDERS...



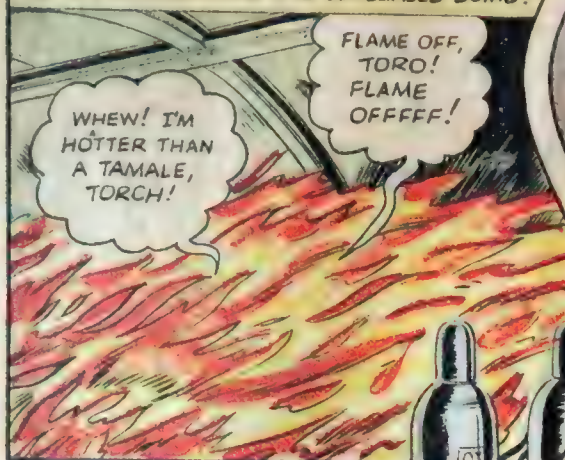
THE OXYGEN MAKES **TORCH** AND **TORO** HUGE MISSHAPEN MASSES OF SPREADING FIRE!



VEN DER FIRE AND OXYGEN REACH DER **BOMB**, DER TORCH, DER BOAT, UND ALL DER PLAY PIER VILL BE DESTROYED! HAH! HAH!

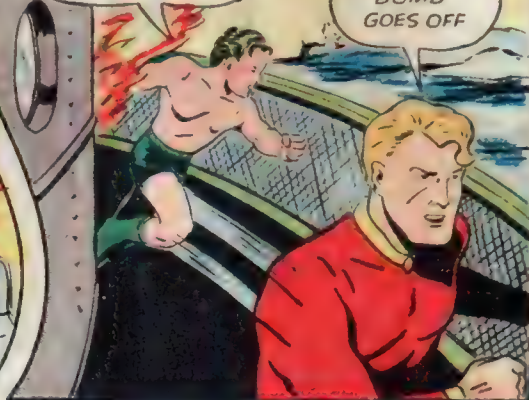


THE HOT FLAMES BURN NEARER AND NEARER TO THE OXYGEN AND THE CONCEALED BOMB!



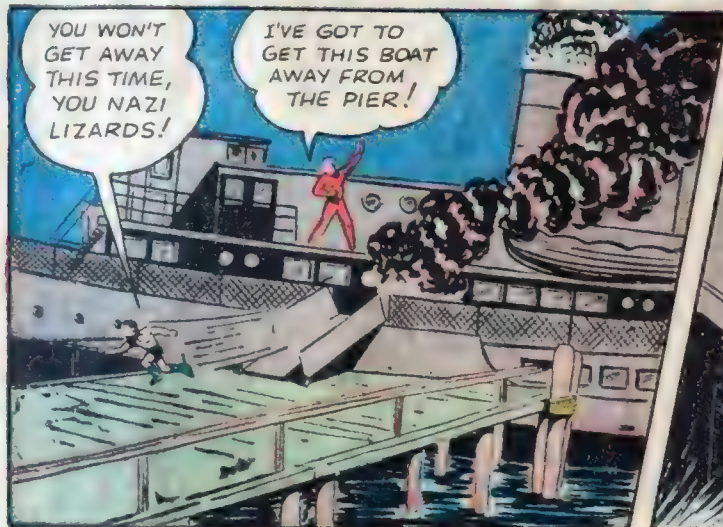
I'M GOING AFTER THOSE NAZIS, TORCH! WOW! I SINGED MY EYEBROWS!

YOU'LL SING MORE THAN THAT IF THE BOMB GOES OFF



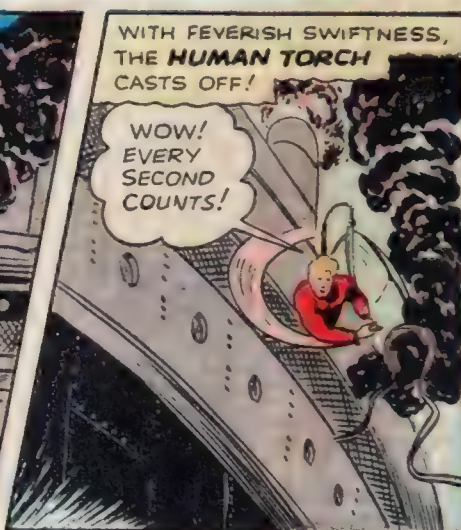
YOU WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME, YOU NAZI LIZARDS!

I'VE GOT TO GET THIS BOAT AWAY FROM THE PIER!



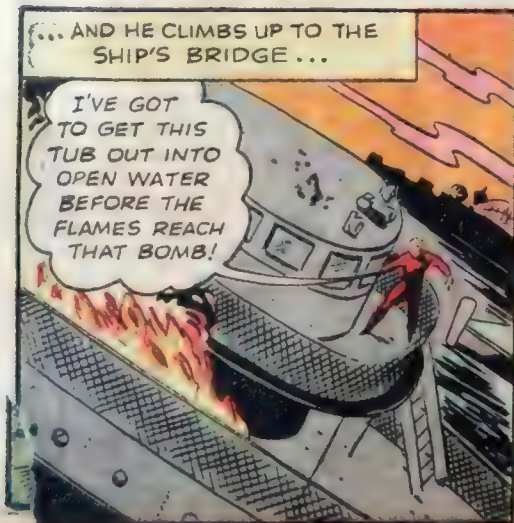
WITH FEVERISH SWIFTNESS, THE **HUMAN TORCH** CASTS OFF!

WOW! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!



...AND HE CLIMBS UP TO THE SHIP'S BRIDGE...

I'VE GOT TO GET THIS TUB OUT INTO OPEN WATER BEFORE THE FLAMES REACH THAT BOMB!



WITH THE FLAMES ENTIRELY BEYOND CONTROL BECAUSE OF THE OXYGEN PRESENT, THE **HUMAN TORCH** STEERS THE BURNING SHIP IN THE FACE OF AN EXPLOSION EXPECTED AT ANY MOMENT!

WELL, IT'S HARDLY SAFE EVEN TO --- HEY! -- WHAT'S THAT!

HELP! SAVE ME!



FLAMING UP, **TORCH** SWOOPS
BACK TOWARD THE FIRE...

IT'S THAT
NAZI MURDERER
WHO WAS
STABBED!

RISKING HIS LIFE, **TORCH** DASHES INTO THE FIRE AND
RESCUES THE NAZI, THEN LEAVES THE SHIP.

THIS IS JUST
TO SHOW YOU
NAZI SCUM WHAT
REAL AMERICANS
ARE MADE
OF!

OH---
THANK
YOU!

... JUST AS THE FLAMES HIT THE BOMB!

THAT EXPLOSION
WAS TOO CLOSE
TO SUIT ME-- BUT
AT LEAST THE PIER
AND BOARDWALK
WEREN'T HIT!
LOOK! THERE'S
TORO!

OH---
YOU SAVED
ME--!

Meanwhile... **TORO** HAS STOPPED ONE OF THE NAZIS.

THOSE
LITTLE CIRCLES
OF FIRE WILL
KEEP YOUR
FEET WARM!

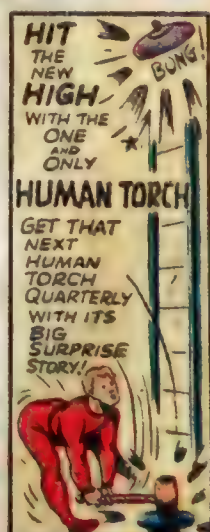
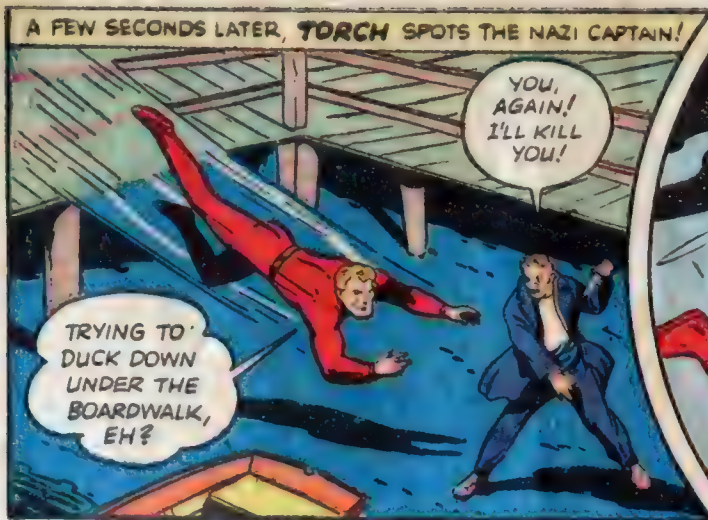
QUICK!
INTO DER
CROWD!

SWIFTLY DOUSING HIS FLAME
BECAUSE OF THE BOARDWALK
CROWD, **YORO** RUSHES AFTER
THE FLEEING SPIES!

TORCH RUSHES UP!

RIGHT
WITH YOU,
TORO!

THEY
WENT THIS
WAY,
TORCHIE!



DON'T DELAY

Another Second!



BECOME A MEMBER OF
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY
NOW!


CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG
WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF
HEADQUARTERS,
330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY,
ROOM 1010.
THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL
MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!

DO IT NOW!

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

 PERSONAL SIGNATURE.....

AMERICA ALWAYS!

A BIT OF HOCUS POCUS

EXPLAINED BY THE FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL MAGICIAN

Keith CLARK

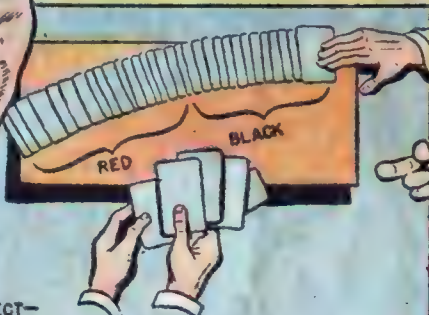
MAGNETIC COIN



EFFECT
TO PROVE THAT THERE IS MAGNETISM IN A COIN TAKE A PENNY AND PLACE IT AGAINST CENTER OF YOUR FOREHEAD. IT'LL STAY THERE EVEN THOUGH YOU BEND YOUR HEAD FORWARD AND BEND FROM SIDE TO SIDE!



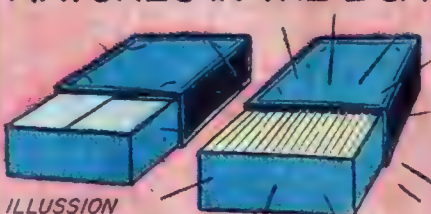
WHEN YOU PLACE THE COIN IN POSITION YOU PRESS IT FIRMLY AND SLIDE IT UPWARD —



EFFECT—

THE DECK IS DIVIDED INTO TWO HEAPS AND SOMEONE TAKES A CARD FROM ONE PILE — LOOKS AT IT, AND WITHOUT SHOWING WHAT IT IS, PLACES IT IN THE OTHER HEAP. LET HIM SHUFFLE THE PILE AS MANY TIMES AS HE WISHES..... NOW THE MAGICIAN TAKES THE SHUFFLED PORTION AND INSTANTLY REMOVES THE SELECTED CARD —

MATCHES IN THE BOX



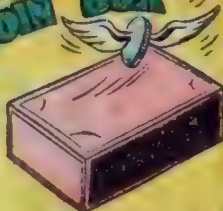
ILLUSION

THE MAGICIAN CLOSES THE DRAWER OF A MATCH BOX WHICH HAS BEEN SHOWN EMPTY. THEN HE OPENS IT— AND IT CONTAINS MATCHES.....

SECRET— SET A ROW OF MATCHES BETWEEN THE END OF THE DRAWER AND THE TOP AS SHOWN IN THE PICTURE..... THEN SHOW THE BOX IS EMPTY— CLOSE DRAWER, AND IN DROP THE MATCHES — OPEN AGAIN AND DISPLAY.....

SHH! DON'T TELL ANYONE BUT THIS TRICK IS WORKED BY HAVING TWO PILES SEPARATED PREVIOUSLY INTO RED AND BLACK. SO WHEN A BLACK CARD IS PLACED IN THE RED PILE OR VICE VERSA YOU CAN SPOT IT IMMEDIATELY!!

THE VANISHING COIN BOX



A BOX WHICH CAN BE USED FOR CAUSING A COIN TO DISAPPEAR CAN BE MADE FROM A SAFETY MATCH BOX. THE BOX IS MADE READY BY CUTTING A SLIT ACROSS THE BOTTOM OF ONE END OF THE DRAWER— THE COIN IS MADE TO DISAPPEAR BY ALLOWING IT TO SLIDE INTO THE PERFORMERS HAND

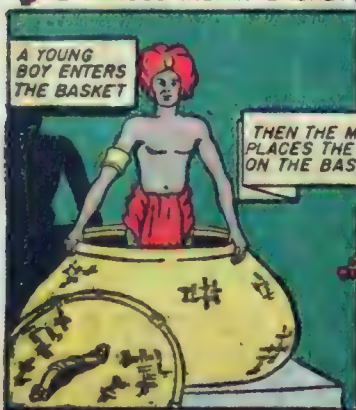


NOTE— ALWAYS RATTLE THE BOX BEFORE MAKING THE COIN DISAPPEAR. THIS SHOWS THAT THE COIN IS IN THE BOX!

ROW OF MATCHES



THE FAMOUS INDIAN BASKET MYSTERY



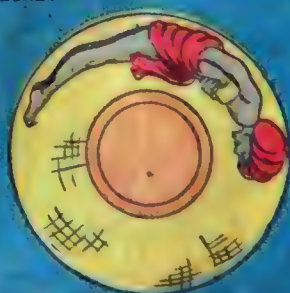
A YOUNG BOY ENTERS THE BASKET

THEN THE MAGICIAN PLACES THE COVER ON THE BASKET.....



AND PROCEEDS TO PUSH SWORDS THROUGH THE SIDES— APPARENTLY THE BOY HAS DISAPPEARED!!

SECRET



THE DRAWING ABOVE SHOWS THE BOYS POSITION IN THE BASKET

CAPTAIN AMERICA

THE
VAMPIRE
STRIKES!

CAP! THE
VAMPIRE!

A LEGEND* YOU SAY! "IMPOSSIBLE" YOU SAY! VERY WELL, YOU'RE ENTITLED TO YOUR OWN OPINION! BUT STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN TO PEOPLE AT WAR - AND STRANGE TALES ARE TOLD OF MEN WHO DARE MEDDLE WITH NATURE! CAPTAIN AMERICA KNEW THAT THE VAMPIRE WAS A DEADLY MENACE TO AMERICA - AND HE WAS A DEADLY MENACE TO AMERICA - AND HE AND BUCKY PLEDGED THEIR LIVES TO ITS DESTRUCTION!

OUR AMAZING TALE BEGINS IN THE TOWN OF LEHIGH VALLEY IN THE MID-WEST WHERE EXCITED NEWSBOYS HERALD AN "EXTRA"!

EXTRA!

EXTRA!
READ ALL
ABOUT IT??

LET'S SEE WHAT'S
NEWS, BUCKY, M'LAD!

EXTRA!
RIGHT,
STEVE!

U. S. ARMY PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS AND COMPANY
MASCOT BUCKY BARNES ARE HORRIFIED BY THE NEWS...

THIS -
THIS IS
AMAZING!

THOSE
MURDEROUS
FIENDS!

JAPS REPORTED
TO BE DROPPING
DISEASE GERMS ON
CHINA!
THOUSANDS
OF CHINESE
PERISH!

LATER, DURING DRILL AT CAMP, STEVE CAN'T
FORGET THE NEWS ITEM!

THOSE COWARDLY JAPS
BUT IT'LL SOON BE
OUR TURN!

SQUADS....

I HATE TO
DISTURB YOUR
LITTLE REVERIE,
ROGERS, BUT
IT'S A DRILL
WE'RE
HAVIN'!

SNAP!

RRRIGHT!
HEY! WHAT
THE....!

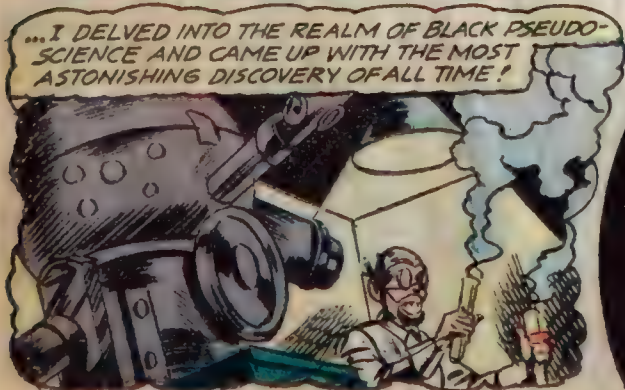
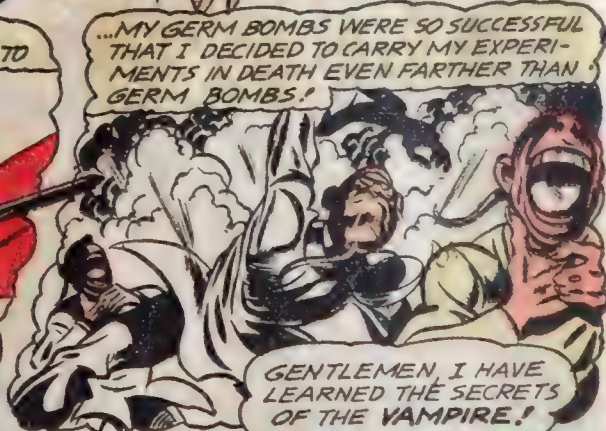
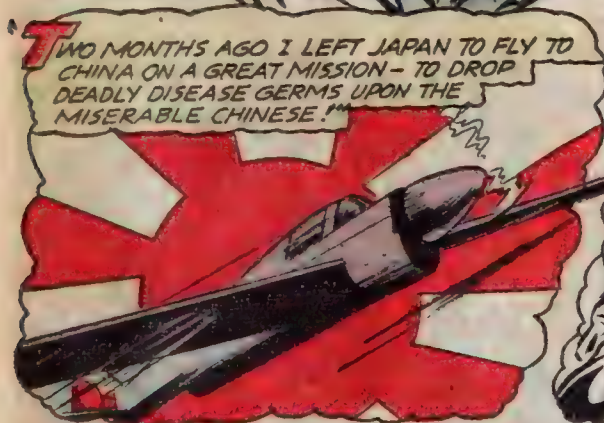
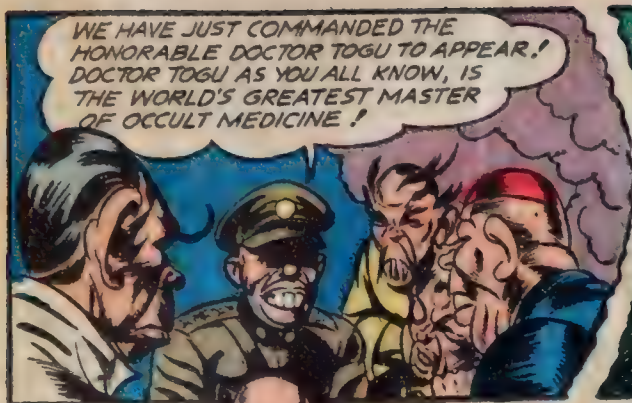
IF YOU'D STOP DREAMIN' ABOUT
FOOD ALL THE TIME, MEBBE YOU'D
STAY AWAKE AND
DRILL WITH
US!

YES
SIR!
NO
SIR!
SURE SIR!
O.K. SIR!

BUT WE TURN NOW FROM THE AMERICAN
ARMY CAMP TO A BUILDING IN FAR-OFF
JAPAN!

THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE ALL-
HIGHEST HAVE AT LAST COME TO
HONORABLE DECISION!

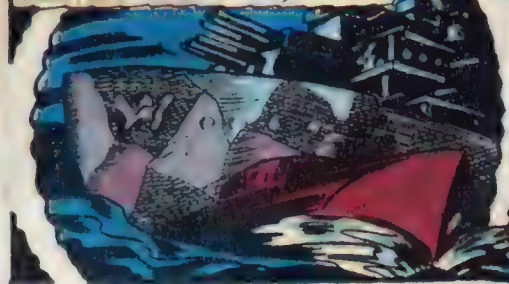
INSIDE THE BUILDING, EXCITEMENT FILLS THE AIR.. 2



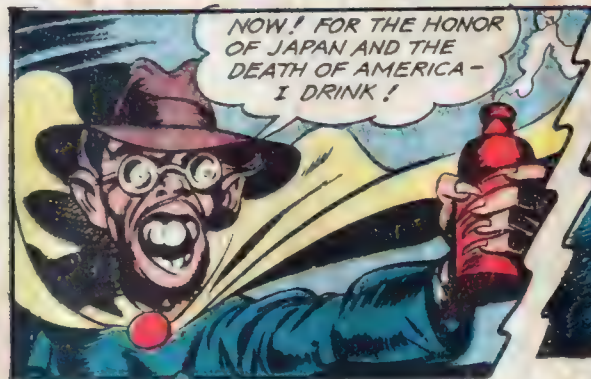
TWO WEEKS LATER, UNDER COVER OF NIGHT A SMALL LAUNCH LEAVES A WAITING WARSHIP AND HEADS FOR THE SHORE OF WESTERN CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

FAREWELL, FRIENDS! TOGU SHALL NOW UNDERTAKE HIS MOST VITAL MISSION AS THE VAMPIRE SWOOPS TO KILL!

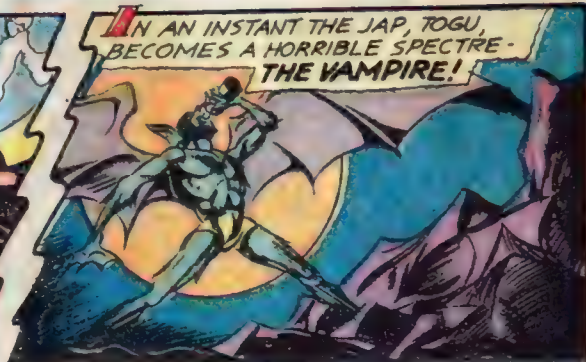
DEPOSITING A LONE FIGURE UPON THE DESOLATE SHORE. THE MYSTERIOUS LAUNCH TURNS AND FADES BACK INTO THE NIGHT



NOW! FOR THE HONOR OF JAPAN AND THE DEATH OF AMERICA - I DRINK!



IN AN INSTANT THE JAP, TOGU, BECOMES A HORRIBLE SPECTRE - THE VAMPIRE!



NEARBY, THE MEN OF CAMP LEHIGH ARE UNDERGOING A NIGHT-DRILL MARCH -



BLOOD! I MUST HAVE BLOOD! THE BLOOD OF AMERICAN SWINE!



LISTEN, STEVE! IS THAT A WOLF HOWLING?

NO WOLF EVER SOUNDED LIKE THAT, KID!

OOWWUUUUUU



THE TWO FRIENDS RACE TOWARD THE UNCANNY CRY - WITHOUT A THOUGHT FOR THEIR OWN SAFETY - PULLING OFF THEIR UNIFORMS AS THEY RUN AND REVEALING THEMSELVES AS AMERICA'S GREAT-EST EVIL-FIGHTERS!

LET'S GO, PAL!

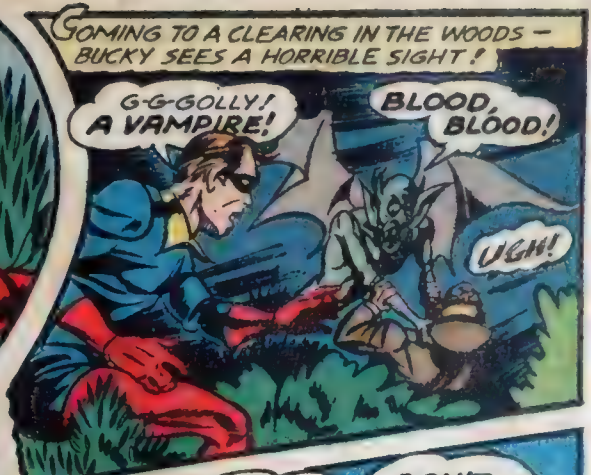
YAHOO!





YOU GO THAT WAY, KID! I'LL LOOK IN HERE!

RIGHT, CAP!



COMING TO A CLEARING IN THE WOODS — BUCKY SEES A HORRIBLE SIGHT!

G-G-GOLLY! A VAMPIRE!

BLOOD, BLOOD!

UGH!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING — BUT I'LL PUT A STOP TO IT!



THE VAMPIRE'S AWFUL CLAWS CLOSE UPON THE STRUGGLING BOY!

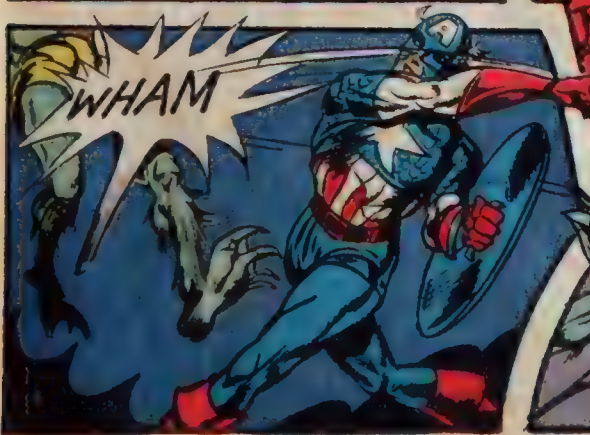
BLOOD! MORE BLOOD! HA-HA!

DON'T — LET GO — YAHOO!



AT THAT MOMENT A WHIRLING DISC SAILS THRU THE AIR AND...

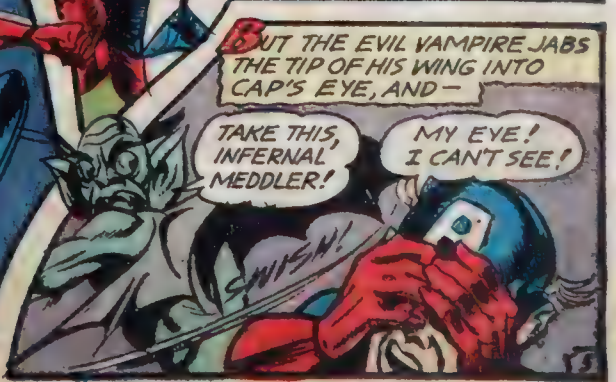
CLANG



WHAM



GOT YOU — YOU FUGITIVE FROM A NIGHT-MARE!



BUT THE EVIL VAMPIRE JABS THE TIP OF HIS WING INTO CAP'S EYE, AND —

TAKE THIS, INFERNAL MEDDLER!

MY EYE! I CAN'T SEE!

SWISH!

THE UNHOLY APPARITION
FLIES OFF AND FADES INTO
THE NIGHT!

HA-HA
HA-HA!

I'M O.K., PAL! SORRY
THAT DEMON ESCAPED,
THOUGH... LET'S SEE WHO
HIS VICTIM IS!

GOLLY, CAP, IT'S MAJOR
PETERS, AND HIS NECK IS BLEED-
ING AS THO—

I KNOW, KID,
AS THOUGH A VAMPIRE
HAD ATTACKED HIM!

CAP, YOU DON'T
THINK — IT
ISN'T POSSIBLE!

ANYTHING IS
POSSIBLE! I'M
AFRAID THAT
**CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND BUCKY HAVE**
AN IMPORTANT JOB
ON THEIR HANDS!
WE'VE GOT TO
TRACK DOWN AND
DESTROY THAT
CREATURE!

LATER, STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES RE-
TURN TO CAMP TO FACE A WRATHFUL SERGEANT
DUFFY!

HELLO, SARGE!

H-HIYA,
SARGE—

WELL WELL, NICE OF
YOU TO VISIT US. I SUP-
POSE THAT OUR MARCH
BORED YOU SO YOU DECIDED
TO "GET AWAY FROM
IT ALL!"

As COLONEL JENISON
APPROACHES, NEITHER HE NOR
SERGEANT DUFFY NOTICES A
SINISTER FORM HOVERING
ABOVE THEM!

GOOD EVENING,
SERGEANT DUFFY,
IS EVERYTHING
UNDER CONTROL?

YES
SIR!

YOU'VE ALREADY PEELED
ABOUT A MILLION POTATOES—YOU'VE
BEEN IN THE GUARDHOUSE SO OFTEN
THAT THE GENERAL WANTS YOU TO
PAY RENT! THERE'S NOTHING
MORE FOR ME TO PUNISH YOU WITH SO GET
OUT OF HERE WHILE I THINK OF A TERRIBLE
TORTURE —

GET OUT—
SCRAM!

YES, SARGE!

YES,
SARGE!



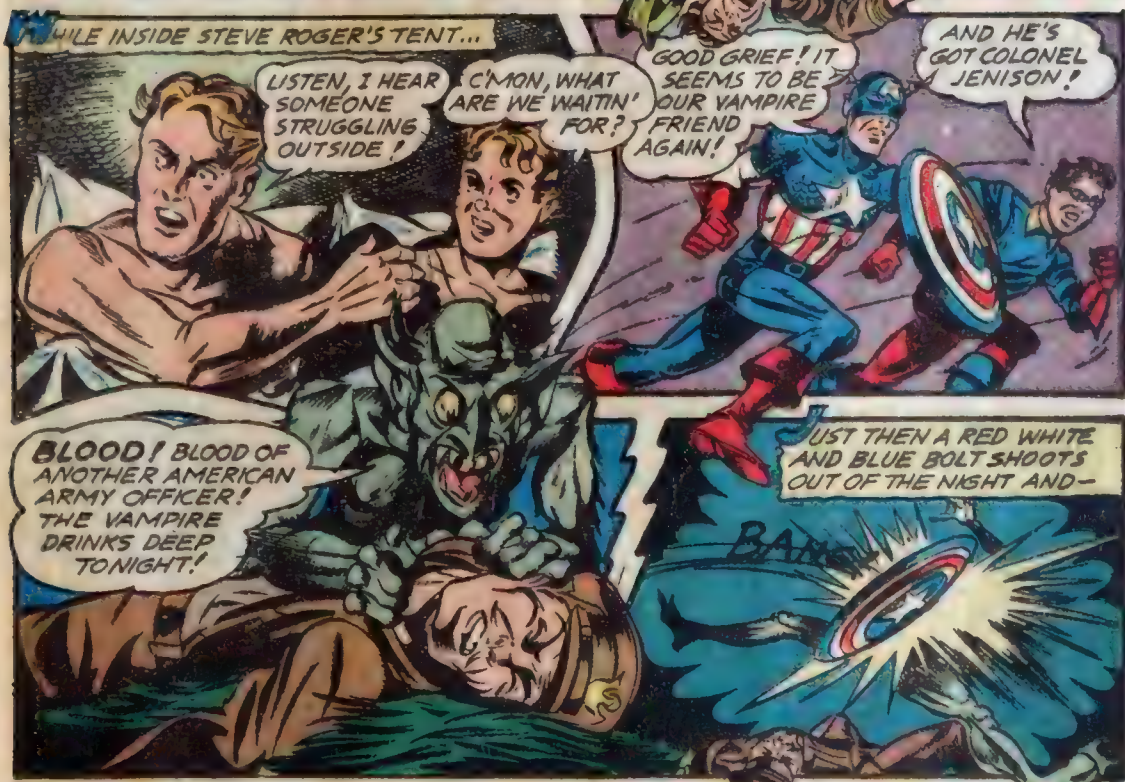
AHHHHH!

UGH!

WHA...!

AS SERGEANT DUFFY ATTEMPTS TO AID THE COLONEL, A POWERFUL BLOW OF THE VAMPIRE'S MIGHTY WING SENDS HIM REELING BACK!

SHRINK!



WHILE INSIDE STEVE ROGER'S TENT...

LISTEN, I HEAR SOMEONE STRUGGLING OUTSIDE!

C'MON, WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?

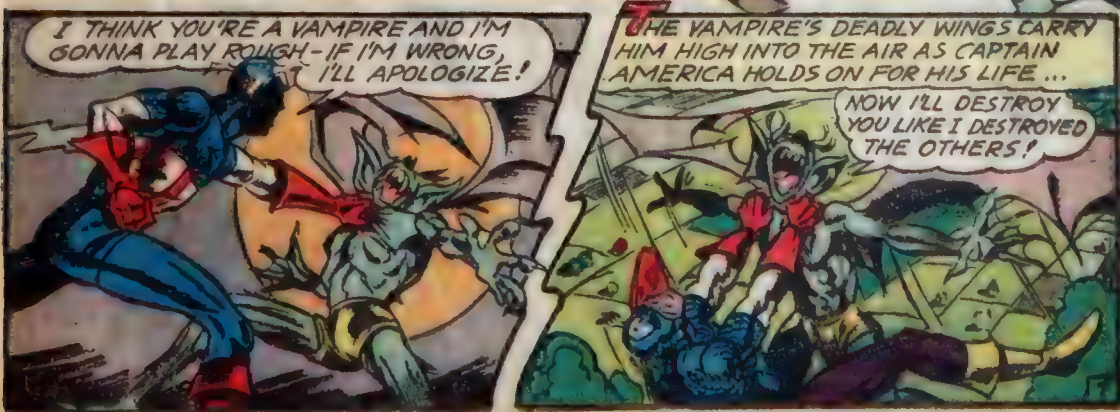
GOOD GRIEF! IT SEEMS TO BE OUR VAMPIRE FRIEND AGAIN!

AND HE'S GOT COLONEL JENISON!

BLOOD! BLOOD OF ANOTHER AMERICAN ARMY OFFICER! THE VAMPIRE DRINKS DEEP TONIGHT!

JUST THEN A RED WHITE AND BLUE BOLT SHOTS OUT OF THE NIGHT AND-

BOOM!



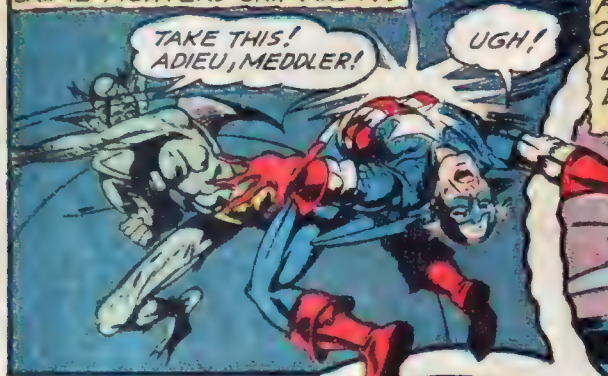
I THINK YOU'RE A VAMPIRE AND I'M GONNA PLAY ROUGH- IF I'M WRONG, I'LL APOLOGIZE!

THE VAMPIRE'S DEADLY WINGS CARRY HIM HIGH INTO THE AIR AS CAPTAIN AMERICA HOLDS ON FOR HIS LIFE ...

NOW I'LL DESTROY YOU LIKE I DESTROYED THE OTHERS!



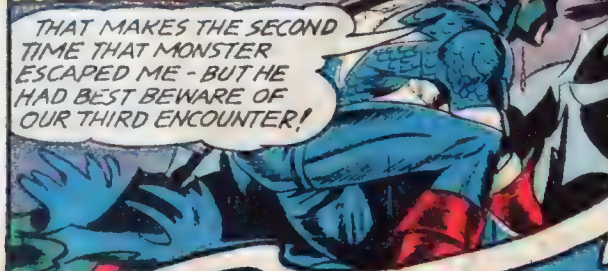
A COWARDLY BLOW AT CAPTAIN AMERICA'S UNDEFENDED HEAD, LOOSENS THE MIGHTY CRIME-FIGHTER'S GRIP AND...

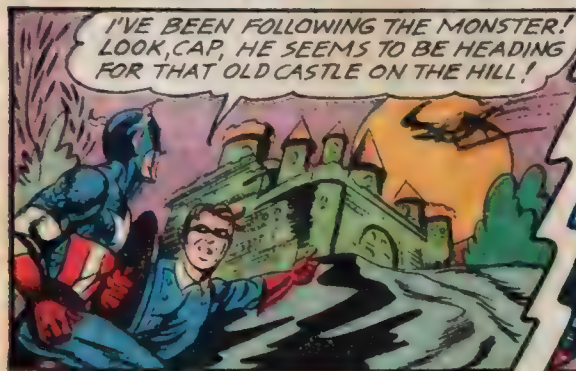


FALLING EARTHWARD, CAPTAIN AMERICA SPINS ABOUT AND EXECUTES A PERFECT DIVE INTO THE WATER BELOW....



SECONDS LATER, A DETERMINED FIGURE CLIMBS TO SHORE!

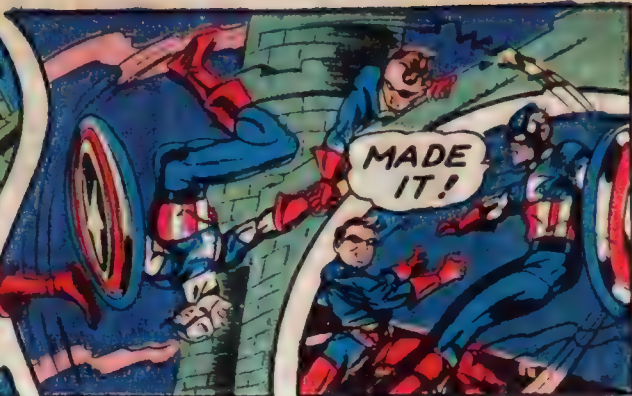






O.K. CAP, NOW IT'S YOUR TURN!

HERE I COME, PAL!

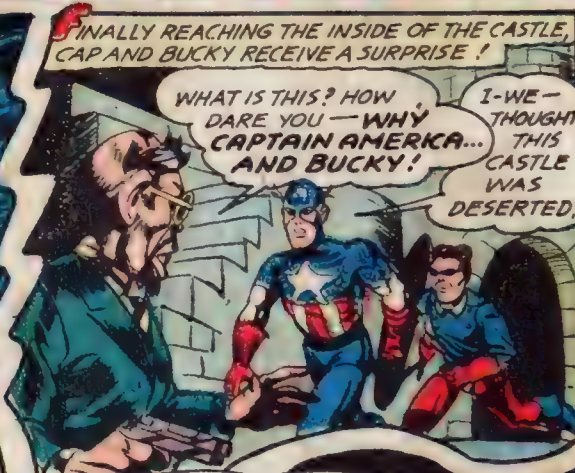


MADE IT!



SINCE OVER THE WALLS, CAP AND BUCKY LET NO MERE DOOR STAND IN THEIR WAY, AS...

IN WE GO, BUCKY!



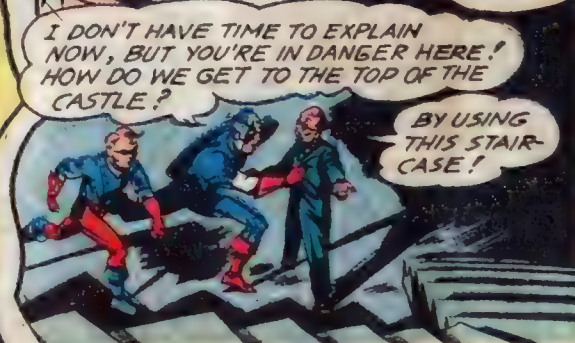
FINALLY REACHING THE INSIDE OF THE CASTLE, CAP AND BUCKY RECEIVE A SURPRISE!

WHAT IS THIS? HOW DARE YOU — WHY CAPTAIN AMERKA... AND BUCKY!

I-WE — THOUGHT THIS CASTLE WAS DESERTED!

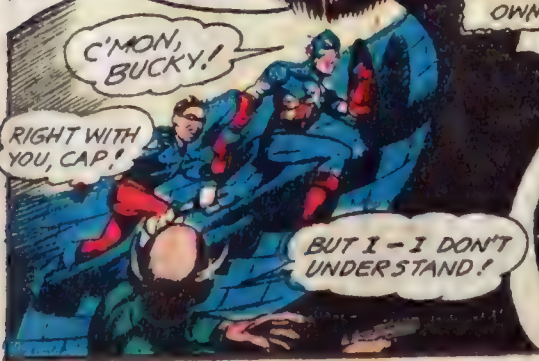


MY NAME IS TRENT - I HAVE JUST BOUGHT THE CASTLE - MY DOCTOR SAID I NEEDED PEACE AND QUIET AND THIS IS THE IDEAL PLACE FOR ME TO LIVE! BUT WHAT ON EARTH IS WRONG?



I DON'T HAVE TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW, BUT YOU'RE IN DANGER HERE! HOW DO WE GET TO THE TOP OF THE CASTLE?

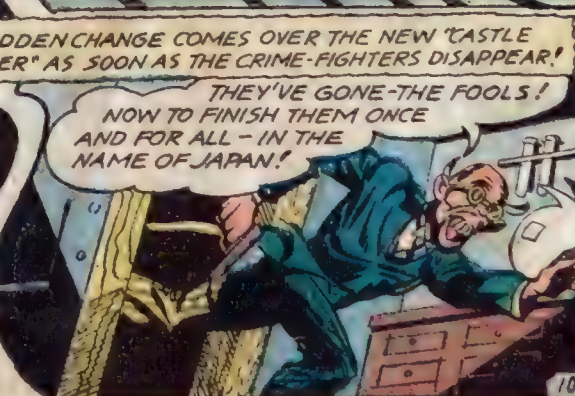
BY USING THIS STAIRCASE!



C'MON, BUCKY!

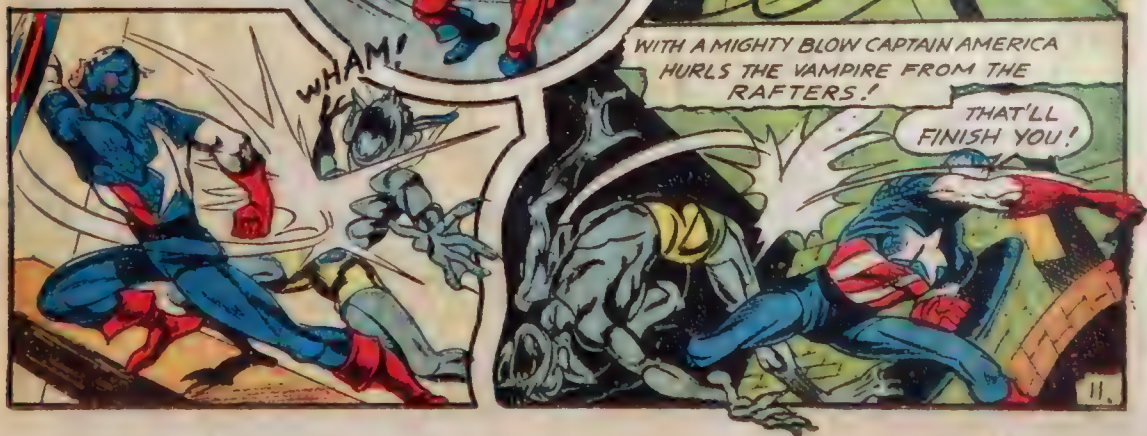
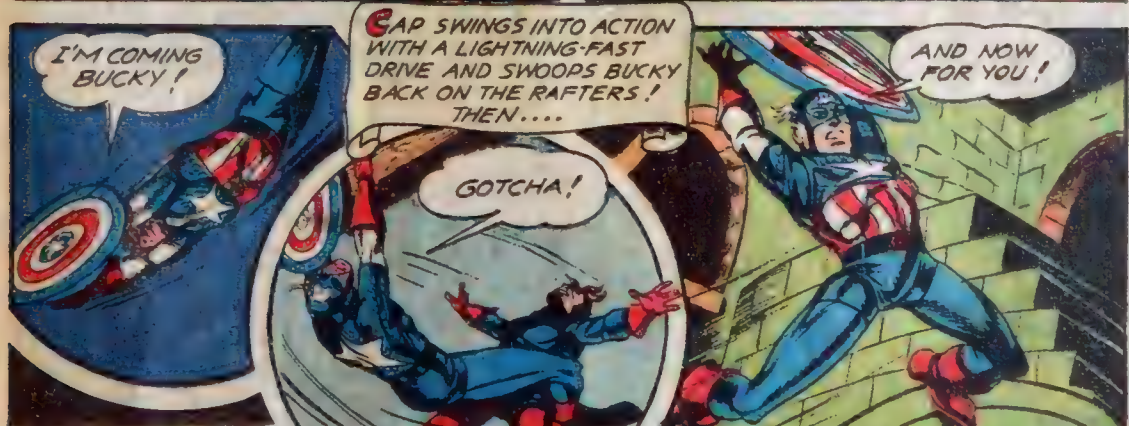
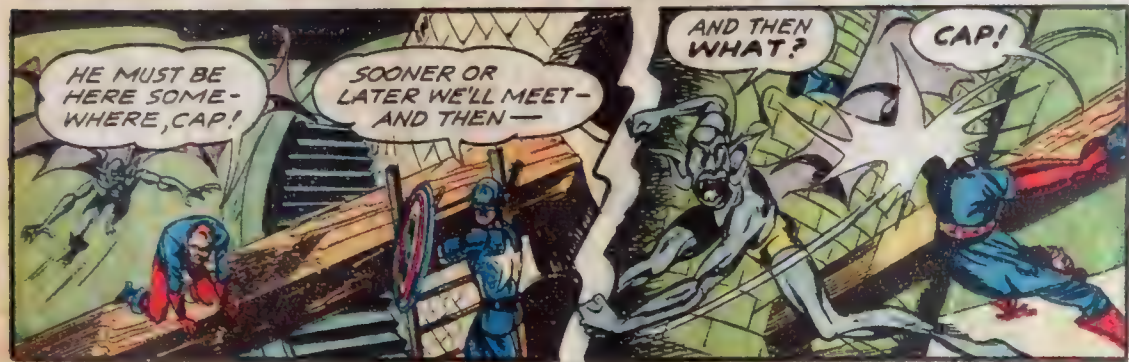
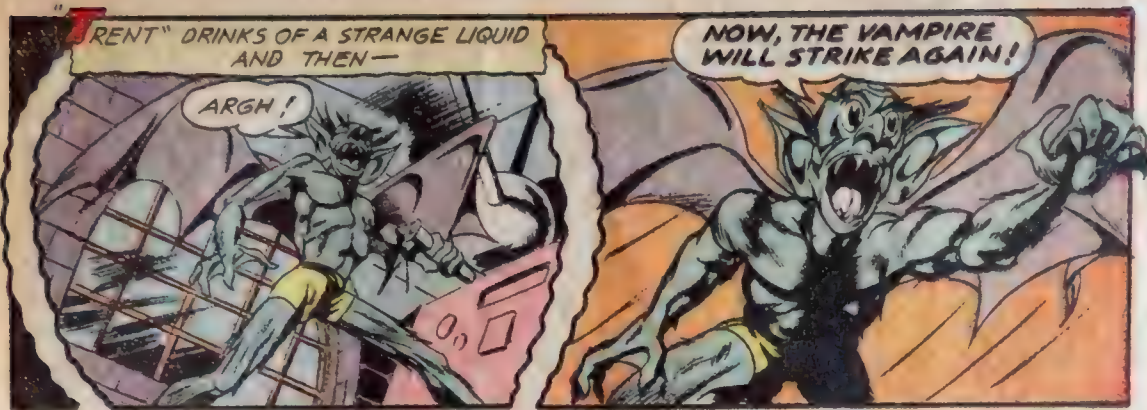
RIGHT WITH YOU, CAP!

BUT I - I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



A SUDDEN CHANGE COMES OVER THE NEW "CASTLE OWNER" AS SOON AS THE CRIME-FIGHTERS DISAPPEAR!

THEY'VE GONE - THE FOOLS! NOW TO FINISH THEM ONCE AND FOR ALL - IN THE NAME OF JAPAN!



THE VAMPIRE SUDDENLY LOSES THE POWER OF FLIGHT AND HE PLUMMETS TOWARD THE CASTLE'S STONE FLOOR!

MY WINGS —
THEY WON'T SPREAD!
I'M CHANGING —
I'M —
AGHHHHHH!

IT'S
TRENT!

HE'S
A JAP!

TOGO — NOT TRENT! BUT FOR
YOUR INTERFERENCE JAPAN
WOULD HAVE TRIUMPHED!
MY VAMPIRE SERUM WOULD
HAVE MADE ME IMMORTAL!
BUT NOW — NOW —
UGH!

WHA — WHAT
HAPPENED
TO HIS WINGS,
CAP?

A RAY OF SUN STRUCK
HIM — AND LIKE ALL
VAMPIRES — HE CHANGED
BACK INTO HUMAN
FORM!

AND NOW HE MEETS THE SAME END
AS ALL MADMEN WHO MEDDLE
WITH NATURE'S DARK SECRETS!!

RIGHT,
CAP!

LATER... BUT BACK TO CAMP NOW.
THERE'S JUST ONE MORE THING
TO FINISH BEFORE WE CONSIDER THE
CASE OF THE VAMPIRE CLOSED!

WHAT'S THAT,
STEVE?

A WEEK LATER, IN TOKIO, WE SEE A
FAMILIAR SCENE — — —

AN ACCURSED
AMERICAN PILOT DROPPED
THIS LETTER UPON OUR SACRED
SHORES THIS MORNING!

AFTER READING THE LETTER — — —

NAME OF A THOUSAND DRAGONS,
THIS IS TOO MUCH! I SHALL
COMMIT HARI-KARI AT
ONCE!

SO SHALL
WE — PRAISED
BE OUR
ANCESTORS!

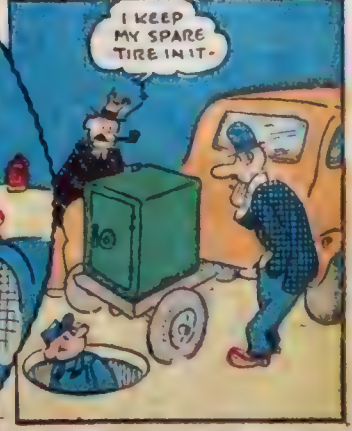
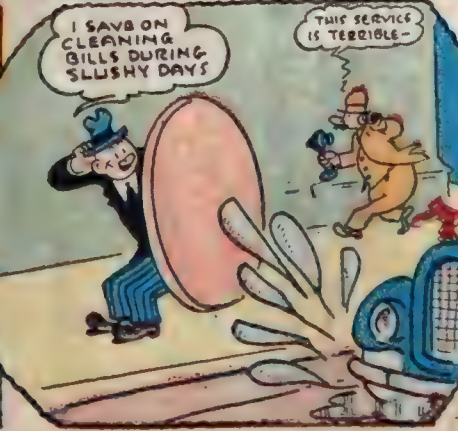
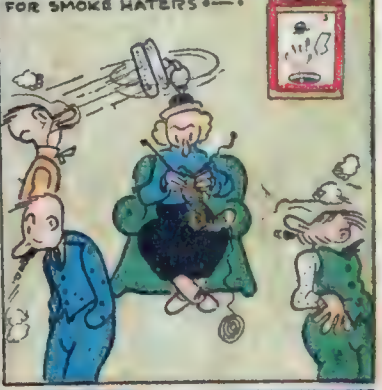
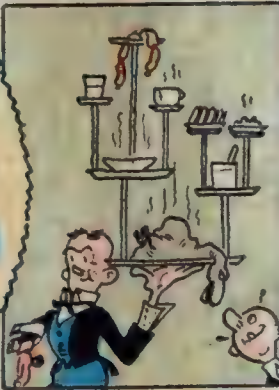
DEAR SAPS! —

YOUR VAMPIRE, TOGO, HAS BEEN TAKEN
CARE OF! THIS IS JUST TO LET YOU
KNOW THAT 150,000,000 AMERICANS
ARE BEGINNING TO MARCH TO-
WARD TOKYO! WE'LL BE SEE-
ING YOU SOON! OUR SLOGAN
FOR JAPS: KEEP 'EM
DYING!

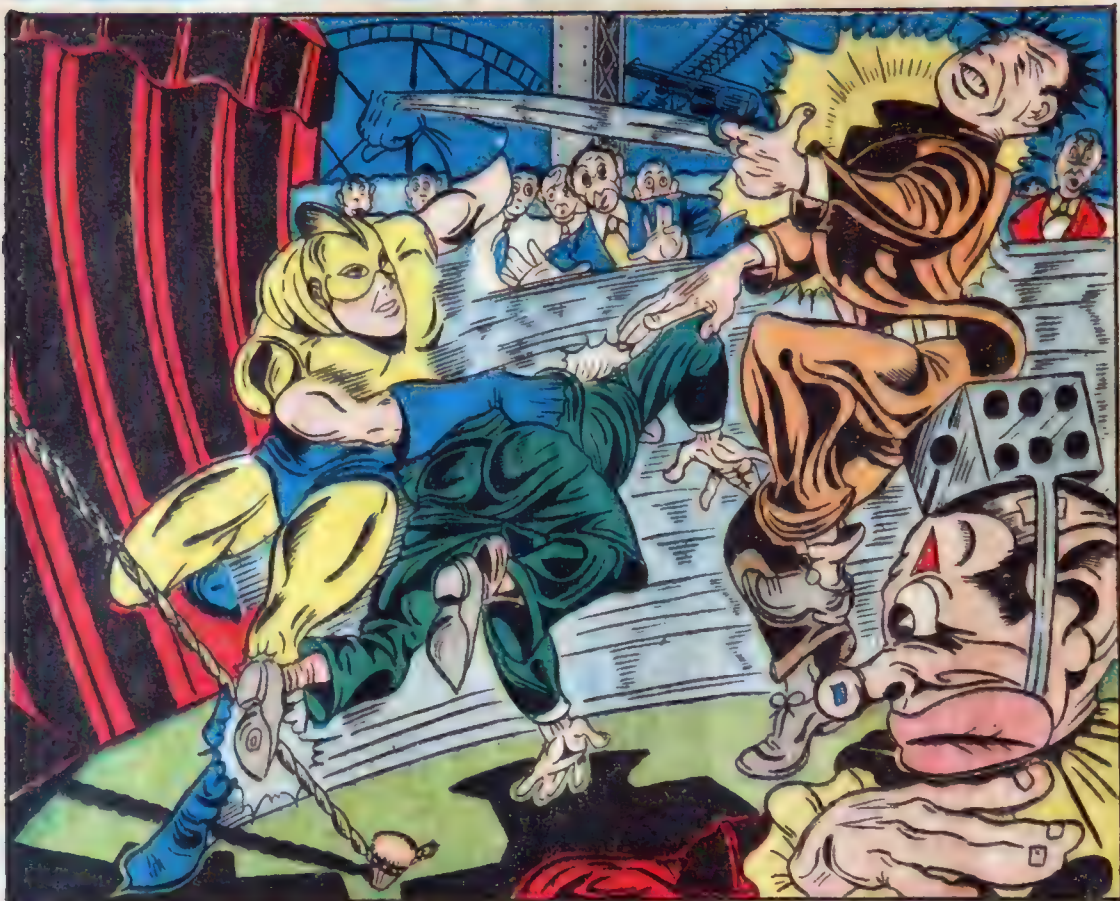
Captain
America
and
Bucky

PATENT PENDING

by LOU RAIGZ



WHIZZER



AS OUR STORY OPENS, A DRAMATIC SCENE IS BEING ENACTED IN A CITY COURT ROOM...

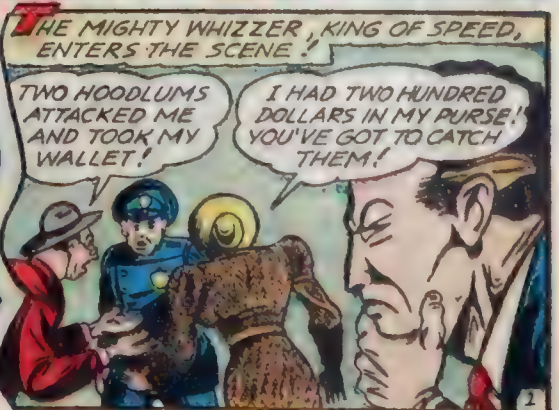
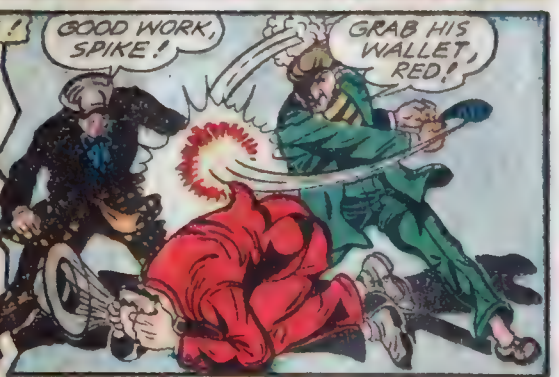
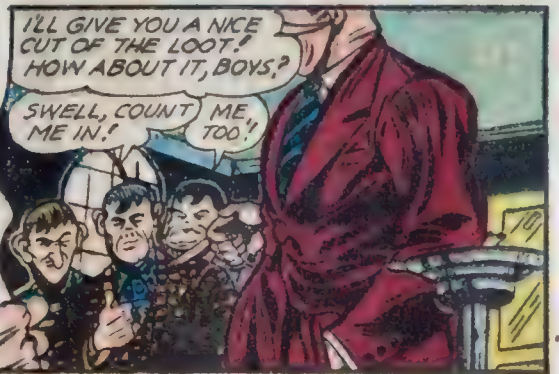
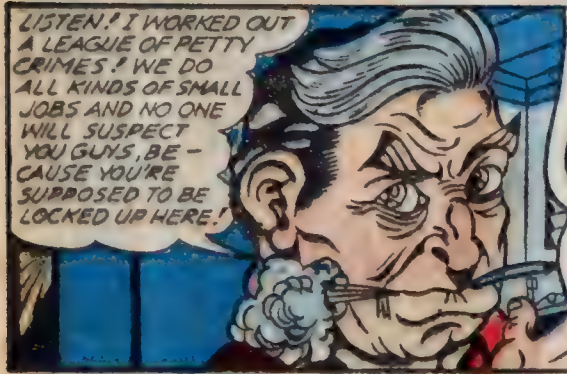
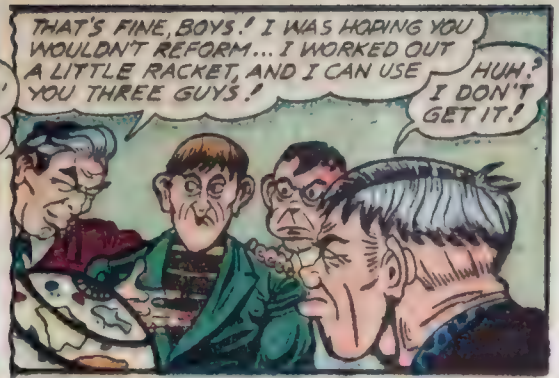
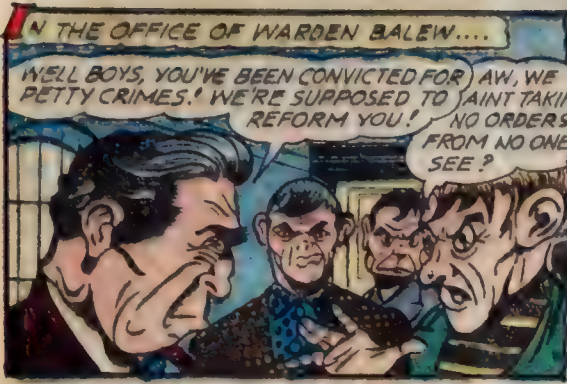
... AND IT IS THE DECISION OF THE COURT THAT YOU BE SENT TO THE STATE PRISON FOR FIVE YEARS!

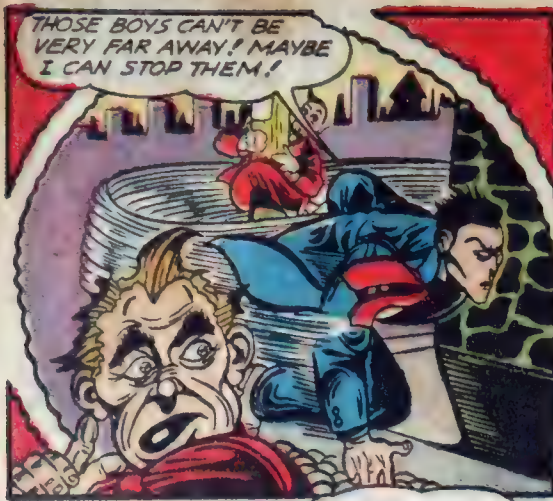
COME ALONG, BOYS!

LATER, THE IRON GATES SHUT ON THE THREE CRIMINALS AS THEY ARRIVE AT THE STATE PRISON!

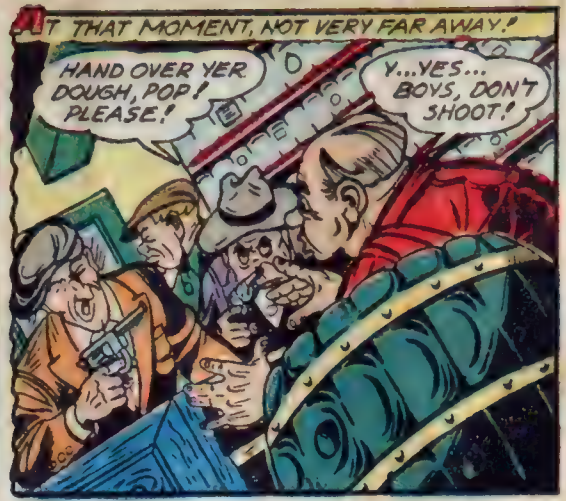
FIVE YEARS IN DIS DUMP, GEE!





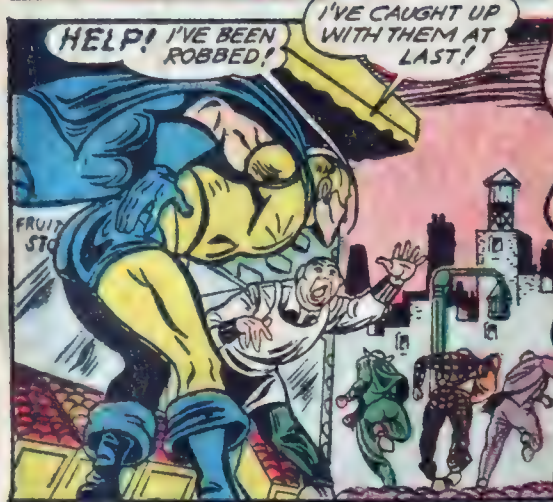


THOSE BOYS CAN'T BE
VERY FAR AWAY! MAYBE
I CAN STOP THEM!



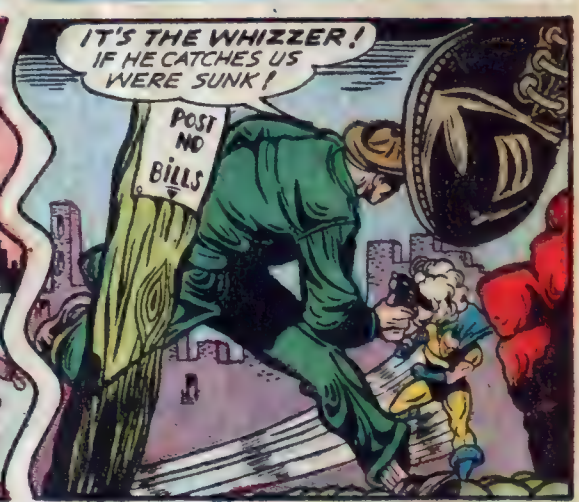
HAND OVER YER
DOUGH, POP!
PLEASE!

Y...YES...
BOYS, DON'T
SHOOT!



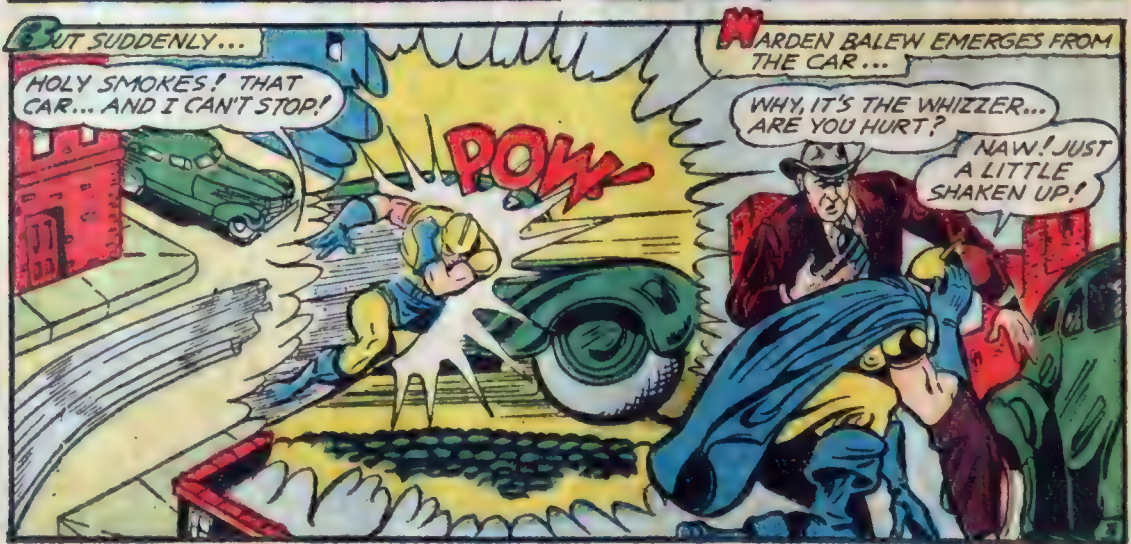
HELP! I'VE BEEN
ROBBED!

I'VE CAUGHT UP
WITH THEM AT LAST!



IT'S THE WHIZZER!
IF HE CATCHES US
WE'RE SUNK!

POST
NO
BILLS



BUT SUDDENLY...

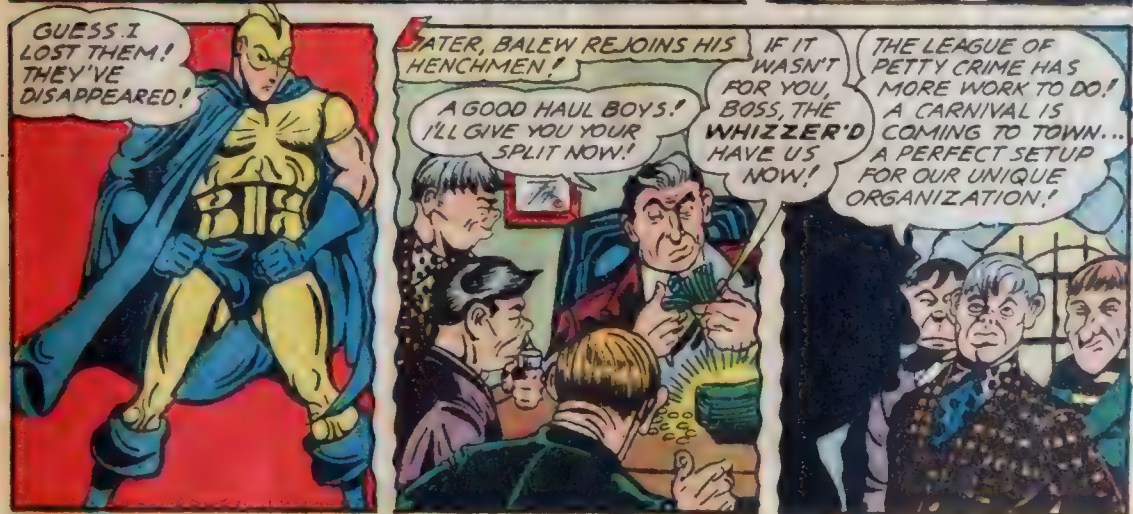
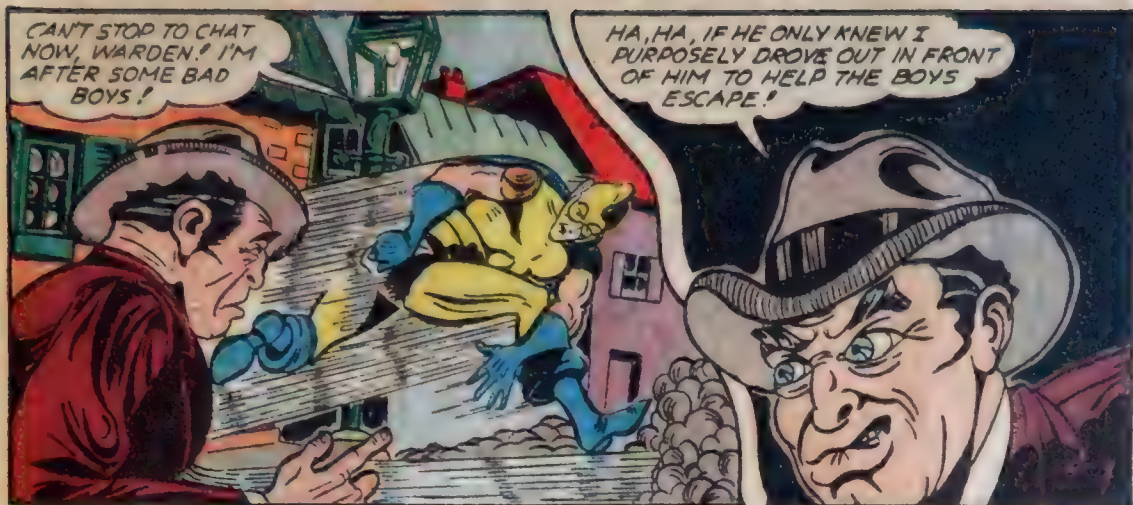
HOLY SMOKES! THAT
CAR... AND I CAN'T STOP!

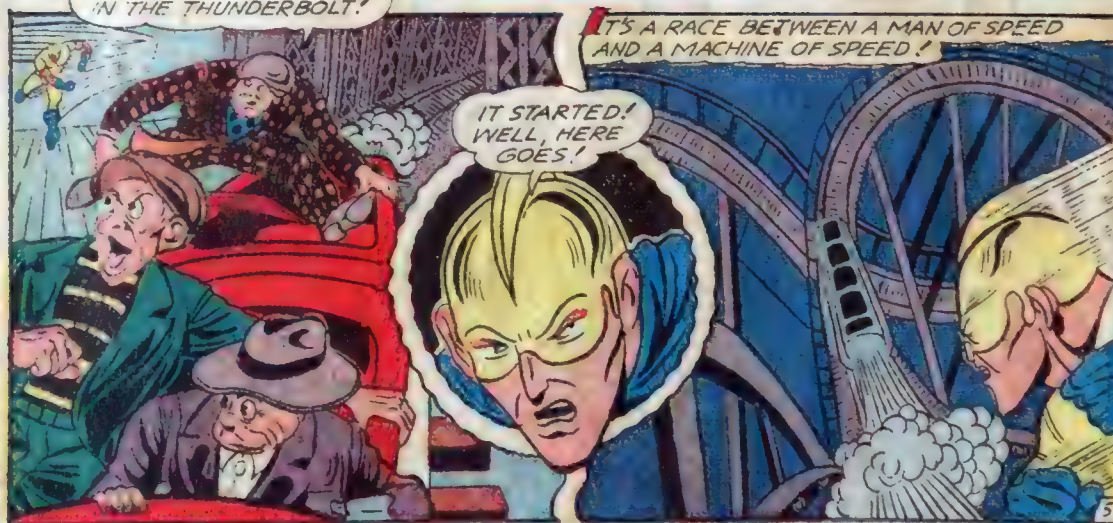
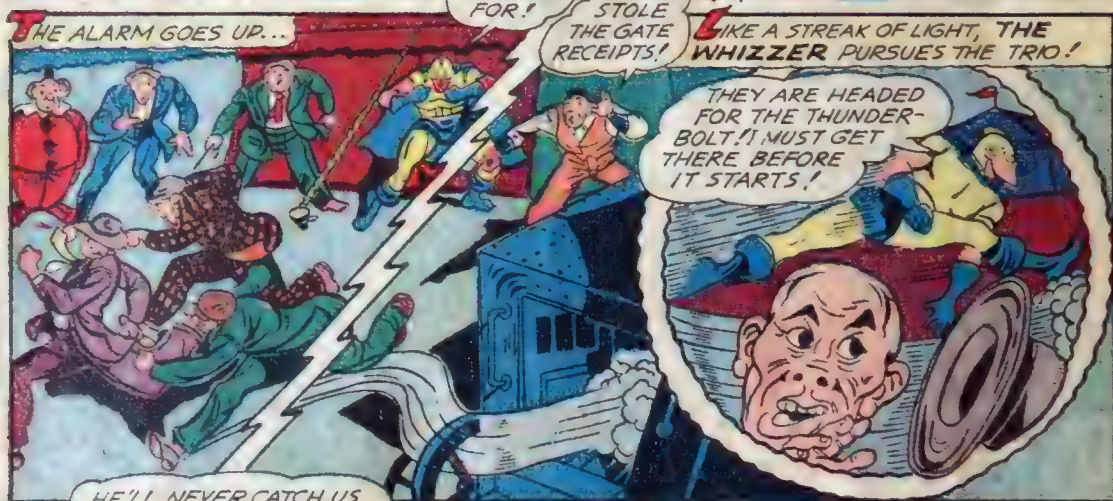
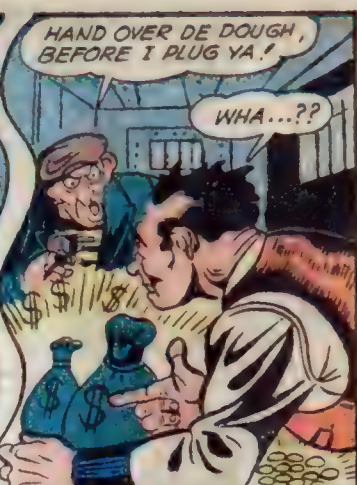
POW

WARDEN BALEW EMERGES FROM
THE CAR...

WHY, IT'S THE WHIZZER...
ARE YOU HURT?

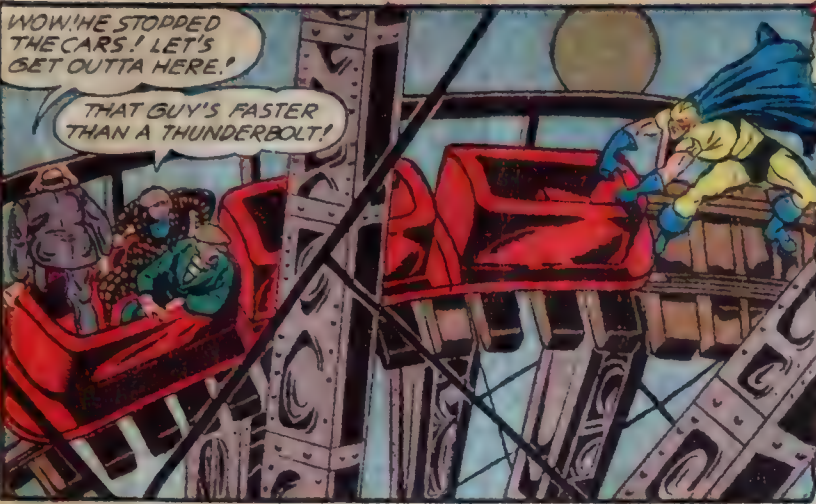
NAW! JUST
A LITTLE
SHAKEN UP!





WOW! HE STOPPED
THE CARS! LET'S
GET OUTTA HERE!

THAT GUY'S FASTER
THAN A THUNDERBOLT!



THE FEARFUL PETTY
CRIMINALS DIVE INTO
THE LAGOON!

WELL, I'LL BE...

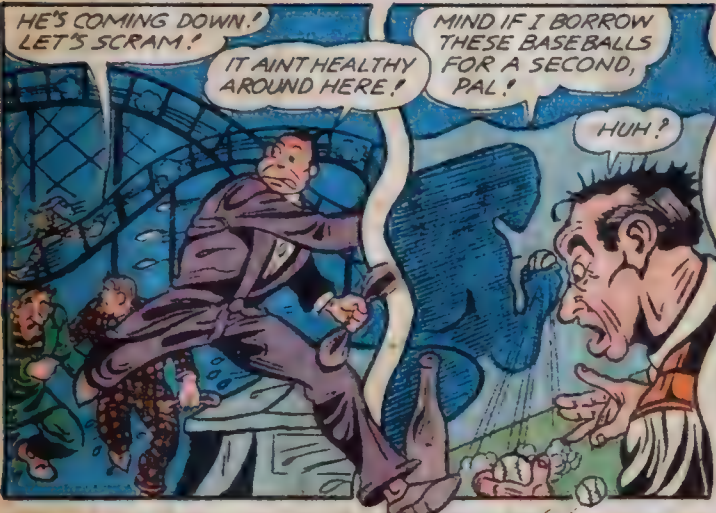


HE'S COMING DOWN!
LET'S SCRAM!

IT AIN'T HEALTHY
AROUND HERE!

MIND IF I BORROW
THESE BASEBALLS
FOR A SECOND,
PAL!

HUH?



NOW FOR A LITTLE
PITCHING PRACTICE!



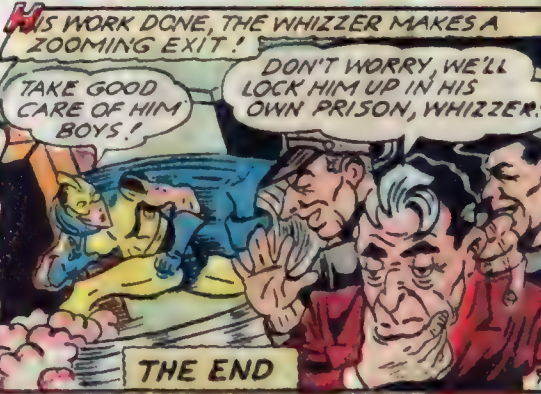
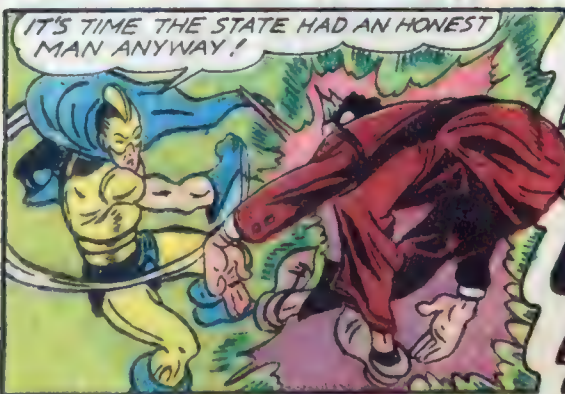
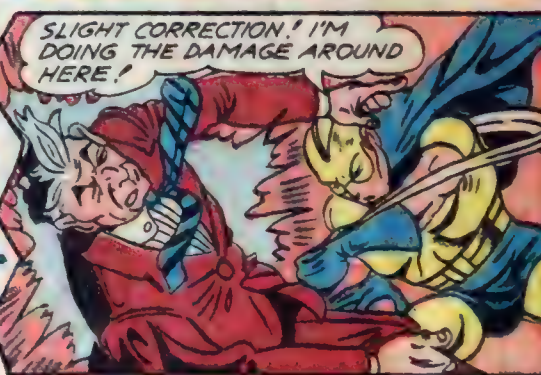
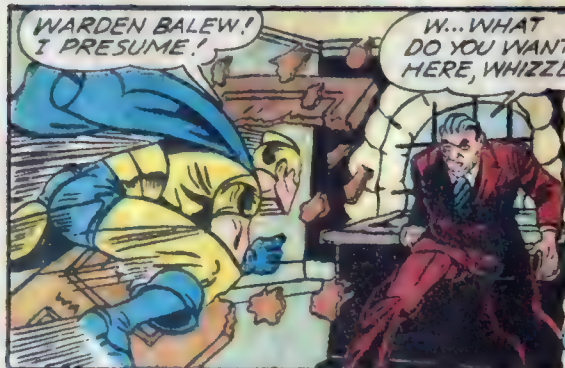
WITH THE SPEED OF A COMET, THE WHIZ-
ZER AIMS AND FINDS HIS MARK!



WAKE UP! YOU
GOT SOME TALKIN'
TO DO!

I'LL TALK!
I'LL TALK!
ONLY GO EASY
WIT ME,
WILL YA?





Smash RETURN!

**THE HUMAN
TORCH**

No 8

**SUB-
MARINER**

No 6

HELLO, KIDS!

THIS IS JUST TO REMIND YOU THAT WE'LL BE SEEIN' YOU IN THE BRAND NEW ISSUES OF OUR OWN MAGAZINES! --- YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS THE GREAT FIGHT WE HAVE WITH EACH OTHER IN THE AMAZINGLY INTERESTING HUMAN TORCH COMICS No 8 --- --AND THE EXCITING UNDERWATER THRILLS WHICH AWAIT YOU IN SUB-MARINER No 6 -----NOW DON'T GET THESE MAGAZINES IF YOU CAN'T STAND EXCITEMENT, MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE --- BUT IF YOU WANT STORIES PACKED WITH PUNCH --- WE'LL BE SEEIN' YA!!!

---JUST
SAMPLE!



**ON SALE SOON! AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!
WATCH FOR THEM!!**

THE MAN IN THE MOON

BY SPILLANE

BRUCE HENDERSON looked at the calendar on the wall and grinned slowly. The date was December 31, 1941 . . . New Year's Eve, but here in the wild jungles of Brazil one would never know it. Instead of snow, and the icy streets of New York, the moist wind rustled through green tree tops, and multicolored birds chirped madly. Sweat poured from his forehead as Bruce gathered up his rifle and boxes of ammunition and placed them on a small cart.

Minutes later he was trundling through the forest of ferns and shaggy trees with the load. He turned once, and looked at the house he had spent three years in, and then turned and went ahead. About fifty yards off was a clearing...one that represented tedious hours of back-breaking labor under a broiling sun. And there at one end was the greatest surprise of all . . . a rocket ship! Sleekly streamlined, its shiny exterior glistening in the morning light, it thrust its pointed nose toward the horizon like a trained greyhound.

Opening a small hatch in the side, Bruce stowed away the last of his cargo. His brain whirled with thoughts of the past . . . how the newspapers and men of science scoffed at his plans to reach the moon. Screamingly funny, they said . . . the ravings of a maniac . . . ought to be put in an asylum. Well, they were going to be fooled! The moon can be reached, and will be! By this time next week, if his calculations proved correct, the 238,800 miles between Earth and Moon will have been spanned!

ADVENTURE! Space opened to man, to cultivate and develop! This was living. People could have their stuffy little offices, they could work in smelly re-

search labs, but he, Bruce, would battle the dangers of space! Just one last look 'around, and he hopped in and bolted the door behind him. Quickly, he took his place at the controls, consulted the instrument panel in front of him, then he reached out and pulled back slowly on a lever.

Immediately a deafening roar blasted from the rear rocket tubes. Tropical plants disintegrated under the terrific power of the charges. Smoke and flame spat into the jungle, while the ship shivered slightly, eager to be off. Then the lever came back another notch. The ship lurched, slid forward, and under full gun tore down the clearing! For one awful instant Bruce thought he wouldn't clear the trees. He touched the controls slightly . . . and the space ship responded valiantly. It shot skywards, and a moment later was lost to sight of the naked eye!

Days went by swiftly. Whenever Bruce felt the urge to sleep, he set the robot controls and closed his eyes. Steadily, the moon grew larger, while behind him Earth diminished to a small, round sphere, with the continents clearly outlined. Outside, the sky was dotted with the brilliant globes of stars, and occasionally small pieces of space dirt rasped against the hull. Fortunately, the construction of the ship was strong enough to withstand the barrage, otherwise it would have been shredded into fragments!

Once a comet flashed across the ship's path, its long tail glowing brightly, and in an instant it was gone. Things never before seen by man were his to gaze upon in wonder. Asteroids...huge chunks of metal . . . whirled by, their craggy outlines passing across the horizon of stars. Several times Bruce had to veer out of their way, or smash against

their unresisting sides! Some were perfectly smooth, like gigantic marbles, while others looked like pieces of iron ripped bodily from the earth. And all were without light and sound . . . reflecting only that which emanated from the sun.

THE FIFTH DAY Bruce awoke from a sound sleep. He peered out . . . then made a wild clutch at the controls. The Moon was upon him! Desperately, he shut off the rear tubes and threw on the forward ones, braking the ship to a stop. Short miles ahead the white surface loomed, like something long dead. Before he had time to think, the space ship came in for a landing. It hit, bounced, then settled neatly on the crust, sliding along for miles before coming to a stop!

Thrilled so that he could hardly move, Bruce donned a helmet, stepped into an air chamber, then jumped down to the ground. He made it! The first man to reach the Moon! He stepped forward, and then . . . rose above the surface for ten feet! Gravity . . . it was less than that on Earth . . . he must remember that! Air hissed into his helmet. He dared not remove it, for there was none on Moon. Gravity was so light that it could not keep the air from drifting off into space!

Bruce had on his heavy space clothes, designed to keep him from freezing to death in the sub-arctic temperatures between Earth and Moon, but now it was uncomfortably hot. He struggled out of it and got a pair of tropical shorts from the ship. That was much better. Then, for the first time he took careful note of his surroundings. Gigantic pits were like ugly sores all over. Huge cracks yawned like the mouths of monsters. Meteors caused the pits . . . there was no air to burn

them out before hitting, and the unbearable heat had opened up the cracks!

The whole place was a scene of desolate waste. The ground was a mass of white powder, and not a single speck of vegetation was visible. No life crawled about as it did on Earth, nor had any life existed here for thousands of years. The small planet seemed to be an outcast from the Solar System, a true *desert of death*! Telescopes had often revealed this to the astronomers, but when seen so closely it was even more appalling!

Bruce had prepared for a long stay, but he wasted none of his time. First he got out a shovel, then began digging a ditch. Weeks later he was still at it. Finally the day came when his work there was done. Wait until *that* was seen from Earth! But the biggest task of all was still ahead . . . a visit to the dark side . . . that which was never seen from Earth! Always, only one side pointed toward the mother sphere, now *he* would see what was on the *other* side!

A bicycle was dragged out of the ship and he was off! Fortunately, he was near the shadow line, and two days later he crossed into the dark country. Then...an amazing change came over the place . . . the cold was unbearable . . . and only a few yards separated it from the hot side! Bruce donned his space suit, which he had taken with him, and went in! Here there was no light, only inky darkness . . . and the cold. Not a sound broke the stillness except for a space humming. Further and further he went into the interior.

He tripped over jutting pieces of rock and fell, but there was no shock. When he went down the lessened gravity let him "float" down. It was a queer sensation, utterly different from anything he had ever experienced on Earth!

SUDDENLY . . . a shriek split the quiet. It grew louder, vibrating the ground! Just in time, Bruce looked up. A giant form was hurtling out of space toward Moon! It hit with a thunderous crash, knocking him off his feet. Bruce was showered with particles. The stuff rained down . . . if it should penetrate his helmet, he was lost! But nothing happened. He had escaped unscathed! He flashed on his light, and in its rays saw the meteor . . . or what he thought was a meteor . . . split wide open . . . and out of it came another space traveler!

And what an apparition it was! A horrible, eight-armed creature it was. Huge, devilish eyes gleamed dully as it crawled out of the wreckage of the ship. Then it saw him! The thing squirmed forward, its arms reaching out for him! Fully ten feet high it was! Bruce was petrified, he could not move. He tried desperately to bring up the rifle, but the thing's eyes held him motionless. And just as it was about to grab him it happened . . . The thing collapsed!

Perhaps the shock of the crash did it, or maybe the intense cold, but it flopped to the ground like a sack of jelly . . . and started to shrink! A matter of minutes and it was a spot on the darkness of the crust. Quickly Bruce turned on his light and caught the thing in the beam. Smaller and smaller it got . . . and then it disappeared completely! What manner of creature was this that traveled through space . . . and shrunk into nothingness when it died? This was too much!

Bruce turned and ran for the shadow line. He went in long bounding leaps, jumping crags and obstacles in a weird bouncing motion. He hit the line, stripped off his space suit, stuffed it in the container on the bicycle, and made for the ship. Time went

slowly, so anxious was he to reach the security of the metal hull. But at last he made it. At once he took off his helmet, stowed his gear into the compartments, and leaped to the controls.

On went the motors! The ship sped along and lifted into the blue sky. The nose made a wide arc and he was homeward bound! Earth looked wonderful, even after so brief a leave. Days later North America spun into view, and grew steadily bigger. Bruce picked out a spot on the sandy desert of Arizona where he could do no damage in landing. The rockets in the nose blasted and the ship slowed. He leveled off and slid in beautifully. He was back!

LITTLE CLOUDS of dust on the horizon came closer. He had been seen . . . and the curious were on their way. They showed up, all right . . . armed to the teeth! They probably thought he was a visitor from another planet and were taking no chances! But when they saw that it was a man, questions poured out . . . Bruce had to laugh them off. They wouldn't believe him anyway.

However, word reached the papers and he told them the whole story. The nation rocked with laughter. Prominent scientists said it was impossible . . . he was crazy . . . Bruce said nothing. Along about this time, the new telescope was erected in California, one that would bring the Moon to within twenty-five miles of Earth. Eager eyes peered into the huge barrel, gazing at the Moon . . . and there, just as Bruce Henderson said it would be . . . were the initials U. S. A., carved into the surface in letters each a mile long! It was the ditch he dug, deep enough to be seen from Earth—claiming the moon for the *United States*!

THE END

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS ^{and} GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

**-SECRETARY OF THE
TREASURY-**

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON



Boys and Girls of America:

Here's a way for every one of you
to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp
you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part
of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers,
brothers or uncles are using for the defense
of our country.

If every one of you forty million
boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent
Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending
your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars
every year. Think of all the guns, planes and
ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em
Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

FOR VICTORY



**BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND
STAMPS**

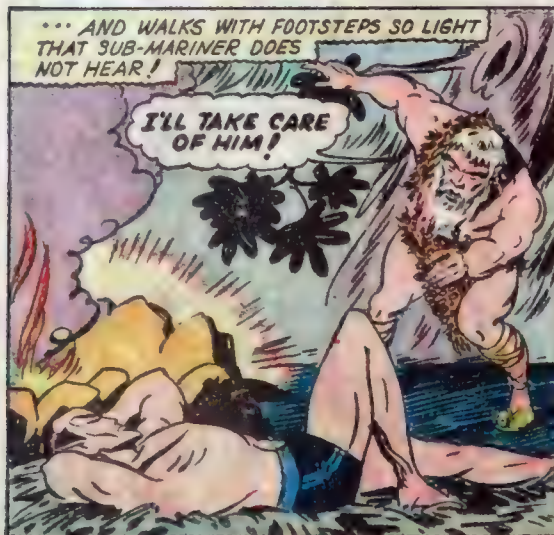
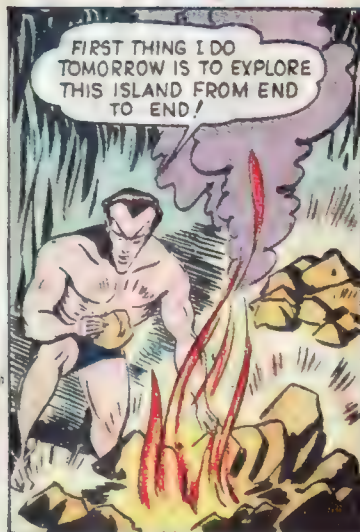
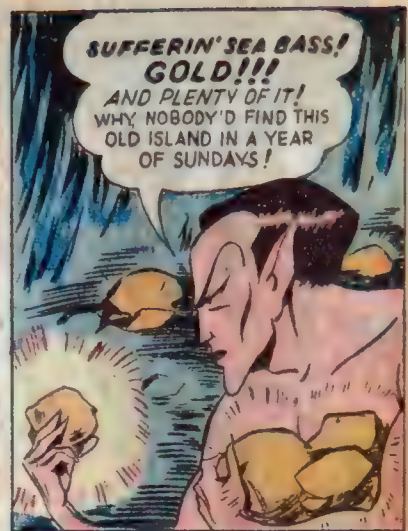
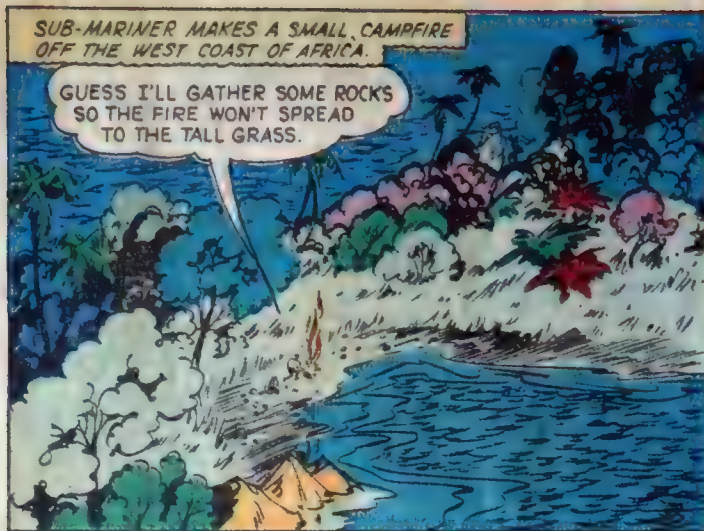
**THIS
SPACE IS
DONATED BY THE
PUBLISHERS OF THIS
MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF
NATIONAL DEFENSE ^{and} VICTORY!**

SUB-MARINER



TOSSING OVER ANOTHER BOATLOAD OF NAZIS, **SUB-MARINER** FOILS THEIR ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER THE MOST CLOSELY GUARDED SECRET IN THE WORLD ----

THE HERMIT'S ISLAND OF GLITTERING GOLD!



SWIFTLY, THE MAN SQUEEZES THE LEAVES IN HIS POWERFUL HANDS.



SAY —
WH—UHH—
A-A-A—A!

NOW YOU
WILL SLEEP!
SLEEP!

SUB-MARINER IS QUIETLY CARRIED TO A HUT MADE ENTIRELY OF GOLD ROCKS!



AH! HE IS HELPLESS
UNDER THE SPELL OF
THE HERON LEAVES.

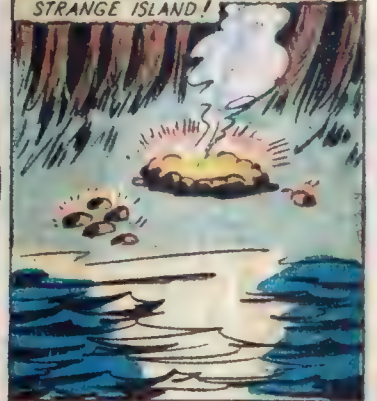
NO ONE SHALL SHARE THE
SECRET OF MY ISLAND OF
GOLD! I MUST KNOW
IF HE WAS FOLLOWED—
OR IF THERE IS A
SHIP NEAR!



I SHALL WAIT UNTIL
HE WAKES - THEN I
WILL KILL HIM SO
MY SECRET CANNOT BE
GIVEN TO THE WORLD.



MEANWHILE, AS SUB-MARINER
SLEEPS—DEEP UNDER THE
INFLUENCE OF THE POWERFUL
DRUG— HIS CAMPFIRE CONTINUES
TO GLOW ON THE SHORE OF THE
STRANGE ISLAND!



A FEW MILES AWAY, A LARGE NAZI BATTLESHIP CARRIES
FIELD MARSHAL DOERING — HITLER'S RIGHT-HAND MAN,
WHO IS ON A SECRET MISSION....



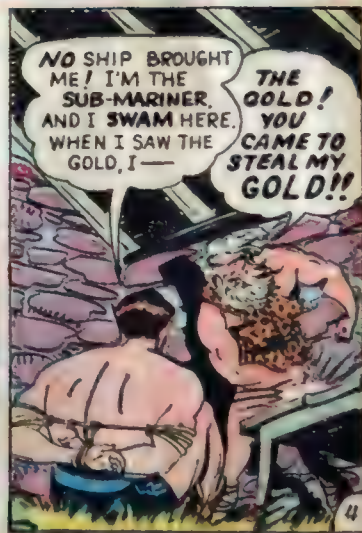
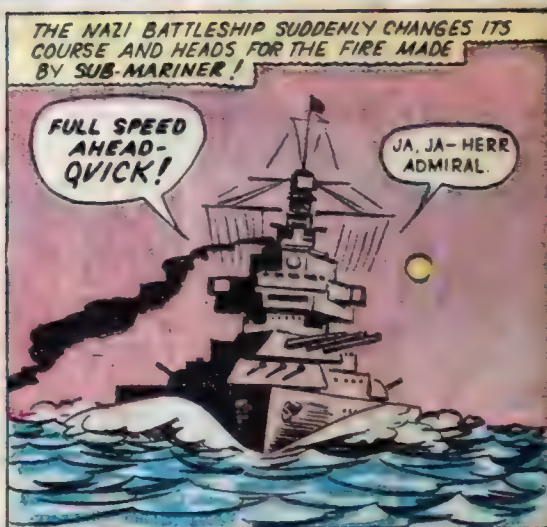
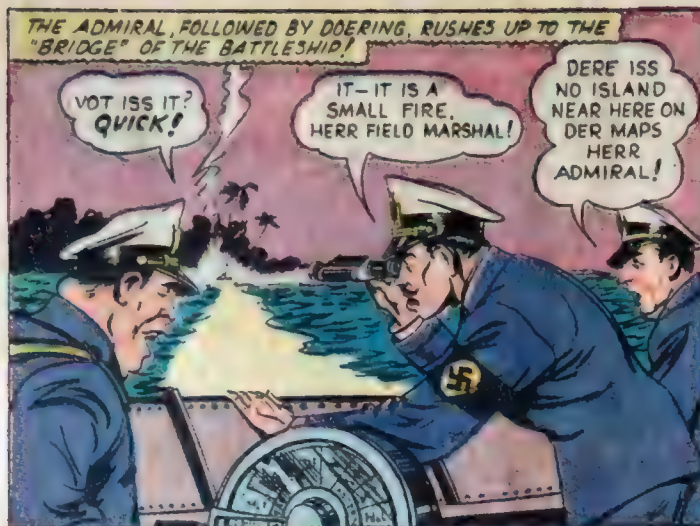
JA, HERR ADMIRAL—
VE VILL MEET DOT
FOOLISH GENERAL
YOKAHADA HERE!

ACH!
THE JAPANESE—
DEY ARE TOO
DANGEROUS!

SUDDENLY...



ADMIRAL—
ADMIRAL!
COME ON DECK
IMMEDIATELY!
DERE ISS SOMETHING
STRANGE ON DER VATER!
QVICK!



THE POWERFUL HERMIT DOES NOT BELIEVE SUB-MARINER'S STORY!

THIS GUY NEVER EVEN HEARD OF ME! - THE SUB-MARINER! WELL, MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT HOW HE GOT HERE!

THE MAN ANSWERS SUB-MARINER'S QUESTIONS!

I'M GONNA KILL YOU ANYWAY- BECAUSE I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW THE SECRET OF MY ISLAND!

"I SIGNED UP ON AN OLD TANKER, ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO. ONE ROTTEN NIGHT WE GOT STUCK IN A LIGHTNING GALE THAT CONTINUES FOR DAYS AND DAYS."

"THE WHOLE CREW GOT DISGUSTED WITH WORKING, WORKING...WITH NO SLEEP AT ALL. AND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STORM PULLED A MUTINY!"

WE'RE NOT DOGS!

TEAR THE STRIPES OFF 'EM!

LET'S GO!

"WE TIED UP THE CAPTAIN!"

YOU FOOLS! ONLY SEAMANSHIP WILL GET YOU THROUGH THIS STORM!

AW, SHUT UP! WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOIN'!

"THE CAPTAINS WAS RIGHT! WE WERE DASHED AGAINST THE ROCKS ON THAT SAME DAY!"

CRASH!

"I HUNG ONTO A WOODEN TABLE FOR DAYS, AND FINALLY GOT WASHED UP ON THIS ISLAND- I GUESS I'M THE ONLY ONE OF THE BUNCH ALIVE!"

LAND! OOH!

SUDDENLY... THE HERMIT STOPS HIS STOP!, AND RUSHES TO THE DOORWAY.

I HEAR VOICES! A SHIP! YOU LIED TO ME!

HUH?

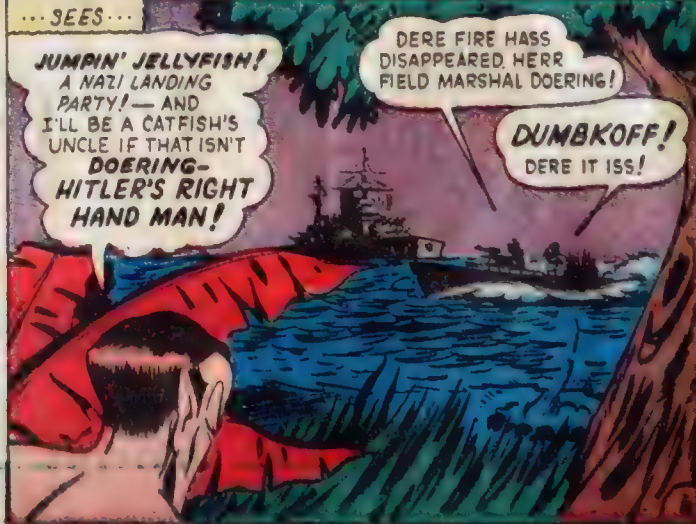
THE ANGRY HERMIT QUICKLY PICKS UP A HANDFUL OF DRUG LEAVES, AND ADVANCES ON SUB-MARINER.



JUMPING UP, SUB-MARINER SNAPS HIS BONDS WITH HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH.



SUB-MARINER DASHES THROUGH THE DOORWAY OF THE HUT TO INVESTIGATE, AND....



THE NAZIS HURRY OVER TO THE STILL-SMOLDERING CAMPFIRE THAT ATTRACTED THEIR ATTENTION IN THE NIGHT.



LOOK AT DOSE ROCKS, HERR ADMIRAL! PICK ONE UP FOR ME!

JA, HERR FIELD MARSHAL.

SUB-MARINER QUICKLY SIEZES A HEAVY ROCK....



THIS WILL GET TO THE FAT SNAKE FASTER!

AND HURLS IT RIGHT AT DOERING, JUST AS THE ADMIRAL RISES!



A-H-H-H!

V-V-VHAT ISS?

ACH!

OH-OH! - I SOCKED THE WRONG GUY!

FAT DOERING PICKS UP THE ROCK THROWN BY SUB-MARINER.

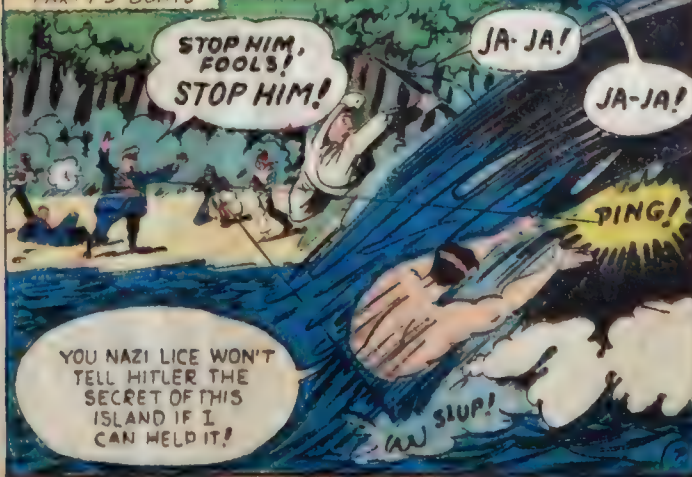


GOLD! GOLD!!!
ACH DU LIEBER! VE NEED
IT MORE DAN VE NEED
AIRPLANES!
PLENTY OV GOLD!



THOSE NAZIS NEED GOLD MIGHTY BAD! I GOTTA STOP THAT BUNCH FROM GETTING BACK AND SENDING THE NEWS TO HITLER!

SUB-MARINER SWIFTLY CAPSIZES THE LANDING PARTY'S BOATS



STOP HIM, FOOLS!
STOP HIM!

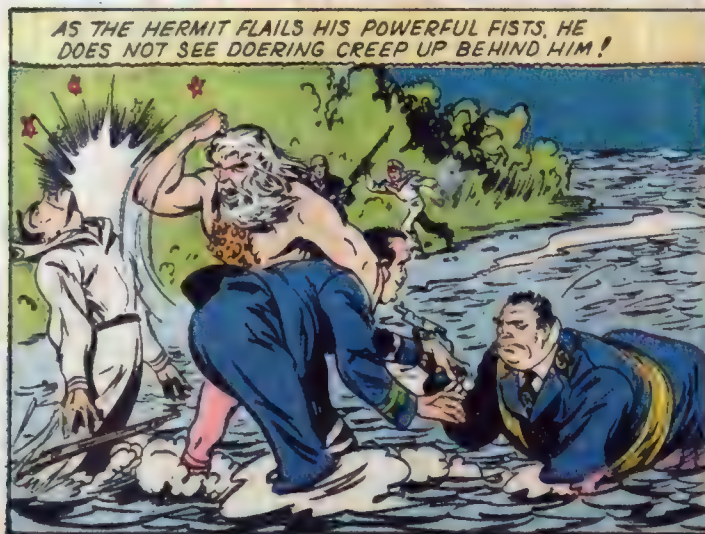
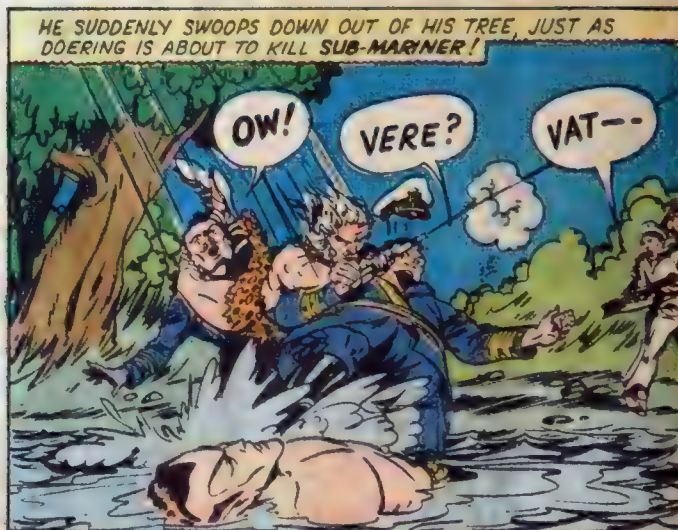
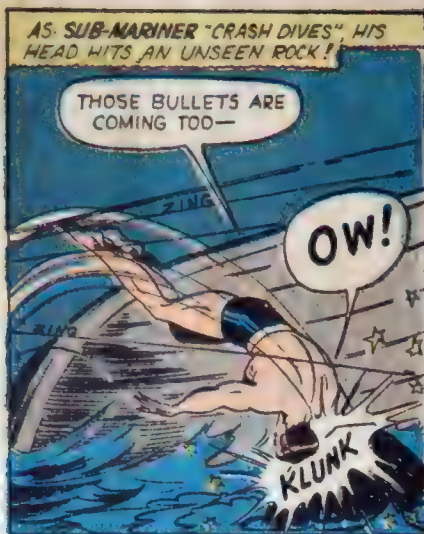
JA-JA!

JA-JA!

PING!

YOU NAZI LICE WON'T TELL HITLER THE SECRET OF THIS ISLAND IF I CAN WELD IT!

SLUP!

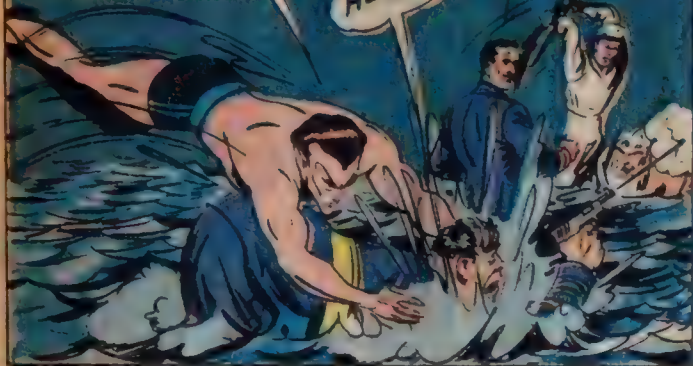


SUB-MARINER LEAVES THE WATER AND CRASHES INTO DOERING JUST IN TIME!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS, YOU FAT NAZI DOG!

HELP!

DON'T KILL HIM YET- VAT??



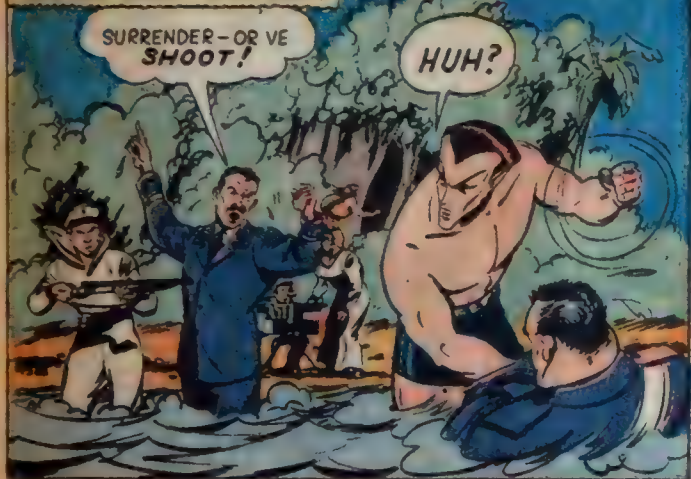
SHOOT PEOPLE IN THE BACK WILL YOU?



THE NAZIS QUICKLY MAN A MACHINE GUN!... AND THE HERMIT SLIPS AWAY!

SURRENDER-OR VE SHOOT!

HUH?



SUB-MARINER SWIFTLY SEIZES DOERING BY THE THROAT!

IF YOU SHOOT I'LL KILL DOERING!!! YOU BETTER DO THE SURRENDERING!



AS THE ADMIRAL HESITATES, DOERING PLEADS FOR HIS LIFE!

PLEASE- PLEASE- HE VILL KILL ME!



JUST AS THE NAZIS DROP THEIR GUNS, THE HERMIT DASHES OUT OF THE WOODS AND THROWS A LARGE OBJECT AT THEM!

YOU'LL NEVER TELL ANYONE THE SECRET OF MY ISLAND!

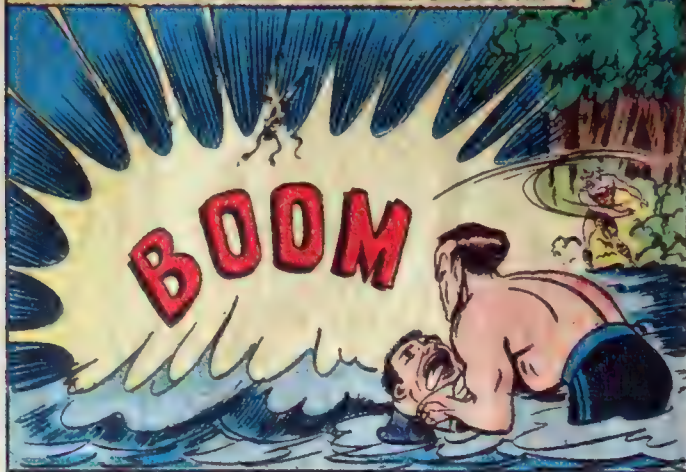
ACH! LOOK OUDT!

HEY!

VAT?



THERE IS A DEAFENING ROAR AS THE HERMIT'S "HOME MADE" EXPLOSIVE HITS THE NAZI ADMIRAL AND LANDING PARTY!



DOERING SHAKES WITH TERROR!

I CAN EASILY
CHOKE
HIM!

SAVE ME!
SAVE ME!
DO NOT
KILL ME—
PLEASE!

YOU YELLOW
NAZI SNAKE—
KILLING'S
TOO
GOOD FOR
YOU!
I'LL BE
BACK!



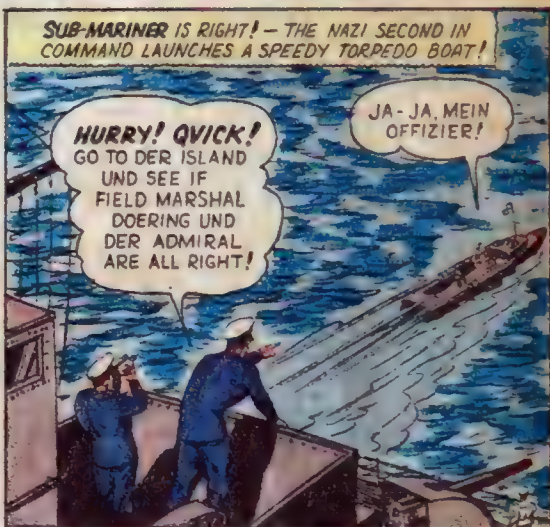
THE SHOOTING AND EXPLOSION MUST
HAVE BEEN HEARD BY THE NAZIS
ON THE WARSHIP—SOMETHING
TELLS ME I'D BETTER HEAD
'EM OFF IN A HURRY!



SUB-MARINER IS RIGHT! — THE NAZI SECOND IN
COMMAND LAUNCHES A SPEEDY TORPEDO BOAT!

HURRY! QUICK!
GO TO DER ISLAND
UND SEE IF
FIELD MARSHAL
DOERING UND
DER ADMIRAL
ARE ALL RIGHT!

JA-JA, MEIN
OFFIZIER!



HERE COMES A TORPEDO
BOAT TO FIND OUT
ABOUT THE
NOISE!



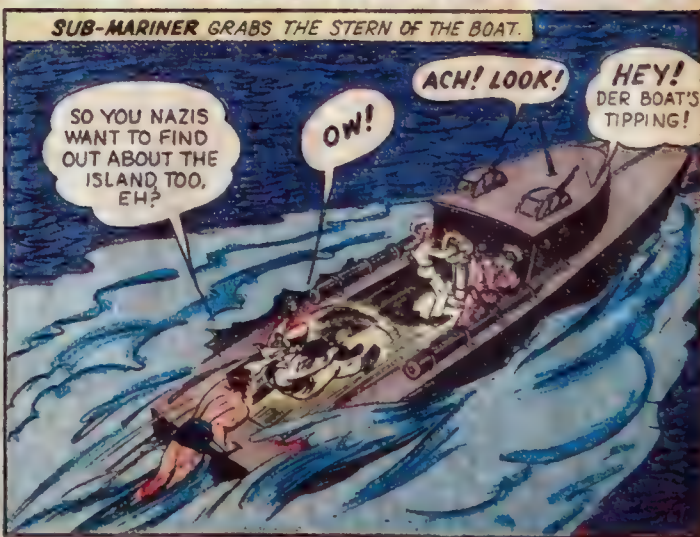
SUB-MARINER GRABS THE STERN OF THE BOAT.

SO YOU NAZIS
WANT TO FIND
OUT ABOUT THE
ISLAND TOO,
EH?

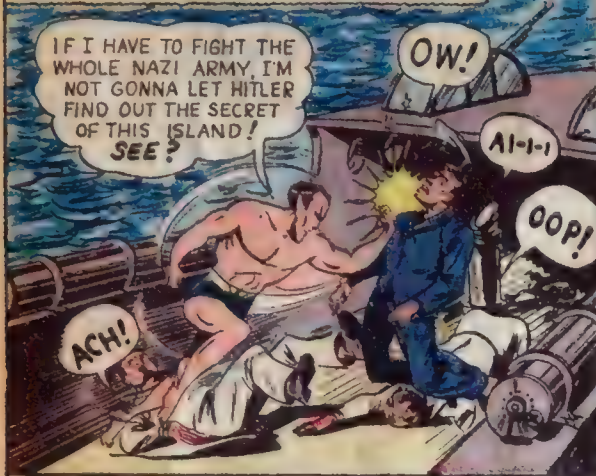
OW!

ACH! LOOK!

HEY!
DER BOAT'S
TIPPING!



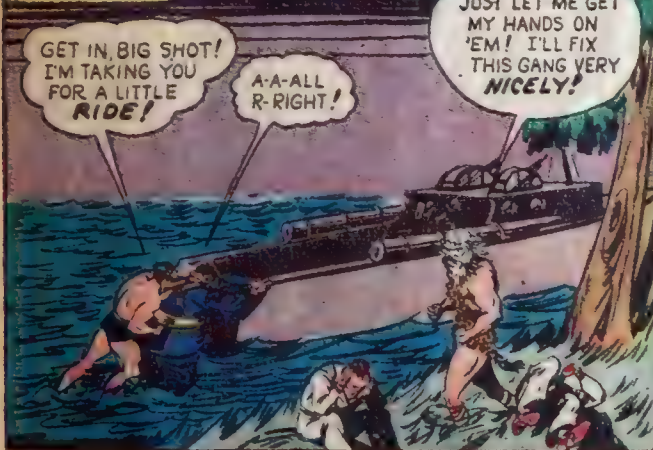
SUB-MARINER CLIMBS INTO THE NAZI TORPEDO BOAT, AND HIS FLYING FISTS WREAK HAVOC!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, SUB-MARINER PILOTS A CARGO OF BATTERED NAZI SAILORS BACK TO THE ISLAND.

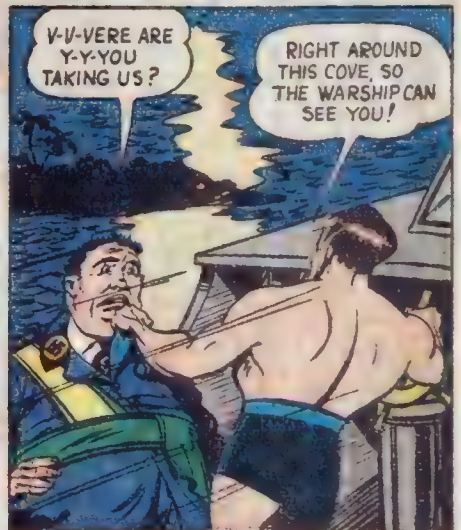


SUB-MARINER SWIFTLY EMPTIES THE TORPEDO BOAT, AND PUSHES FIELD MARSHAL DOERING IN!



V-U-VERE ARE Y-Y-YOU TAKING US?

RIGHT AROUND THIS COVE, SO THE WARSHIP CAN SEE YOU!



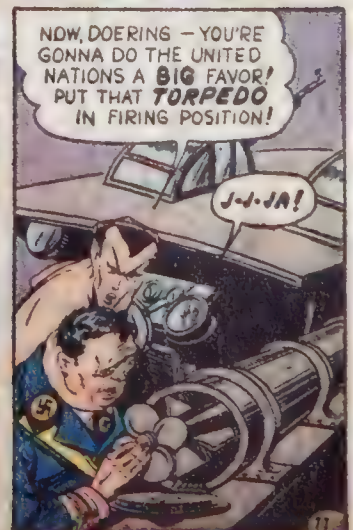
MEANWHILE, ON THE NAZI BATTLESHIP...

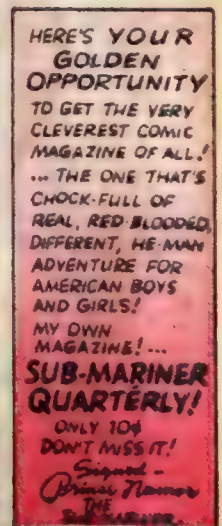
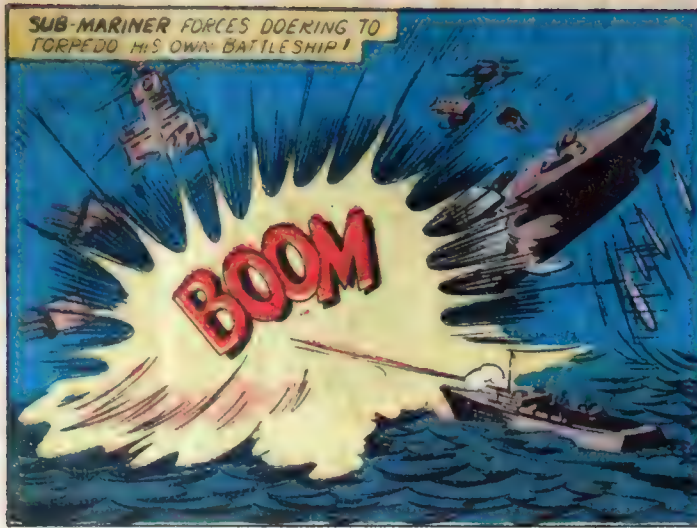


JA! ALL IS WELL! IT IS FIELD MARSHAL DOERING! — BUT WHO IS WITH HIM!



NOW, DOERING — YOU'RE GONNA DO THE UNITED NATIONS A BIG FAVOR! PUT THAT TORPEDO IN FIRING POSITION!



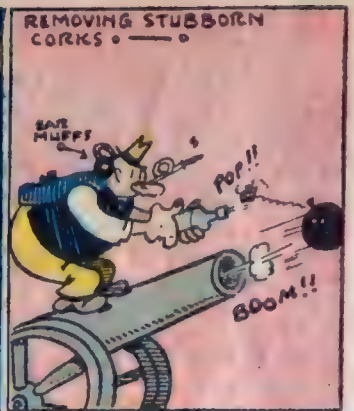


PATENT PHONO

by LOU PAIGE



WE GET 50 MILES ON A PAIR OF RUBBER HEELS



SAFE KEEPS

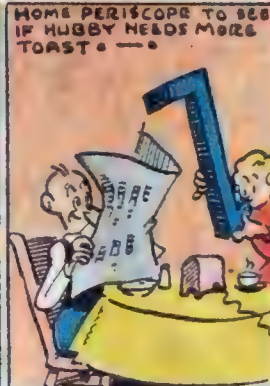
BOOM!!



FOR ERRATIC PUTTERS



SHRINKING OVERSIZE ARMY UNIFORMS



HOME PERISCOPE TO SEE IF HUBBY NEEDS MORE TOAST



CLOTHES DRYER



IN CASE I WIN -

BANK NITE TO-NITE

HANDY SAFES



FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO SIT ON CHAIR ARMS -

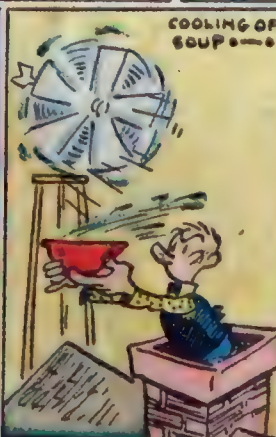


PERSONAL LIGHTNING RODS

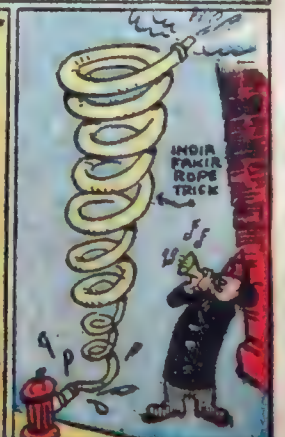


HANDY HOME PET

TURN



COOLING OFF SOUP



INDIA PAKI ROPE TRICK

THE DESTROYER



FOLLOW THE MIGHTY DESTROYER AS HE SETS OUT TO CATCH HIMSELF IN A GAME PLAYED WITH THE GESTAPO --- WITH DEATH AS THE ONLY PRIZE!

DORPSTEIN PRISON-DAWN- THE DAILY ROLL CALL OF DEATH SOUNDS TO THE CADENCE OF THE HEADMAN'S AX!

TO-DAY YOU WILL DO CREDIT TO YOUR COUNTRY, IS IT NOT, HERR EXECUTIONER?

PAUL VOLTZ, KNOWN AS WELL FOR HIS HATE OF NAZISM AS FOR HIS MASTERFUL SCULPTURE, KNEELS TO MEET HIS DOOM. ALL IS SILENT.





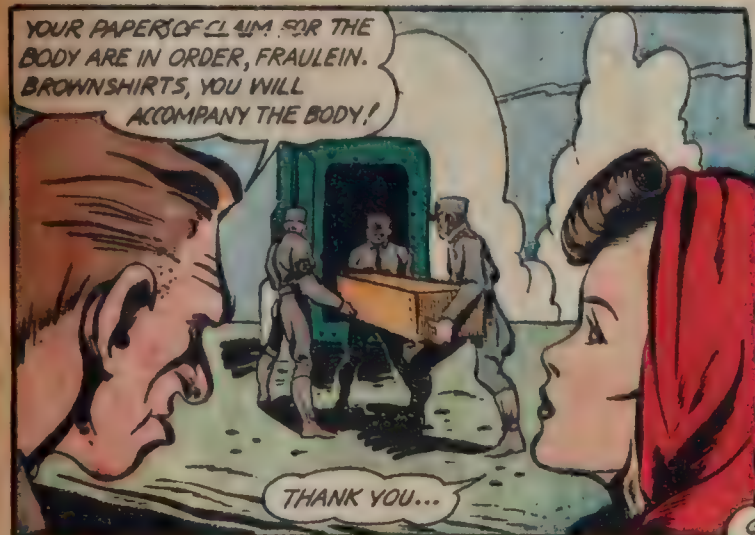
...THEN A WARNING,
SWISH-SH-SH...



... AND A
SICKENING
THUD!
DEATH!

IT IS DONE, HERR REICHS-
MINISTER! HEIL HITLER!

SEIG
HEIL!



YOUR PAPERS OF CLAIM FOR THE
BODY ARE IN ORDER, FRAULEIN.
BROWNSHIRTS, YOU WILL
ACCOMPANY THE BODY!

THANK YOU...

...THE EARTHLY REMAINS OF
A GREAT MAN ROLL AWAY...

GOOD MORNING-
MEIN HERR...



GOOD INDEED,
CAPTAIN!



BERLIN CELLAR
ONE HOUR LATER...

SO, FRAULEIN, YOU STILL
DISTRUST THE DESTROYER!

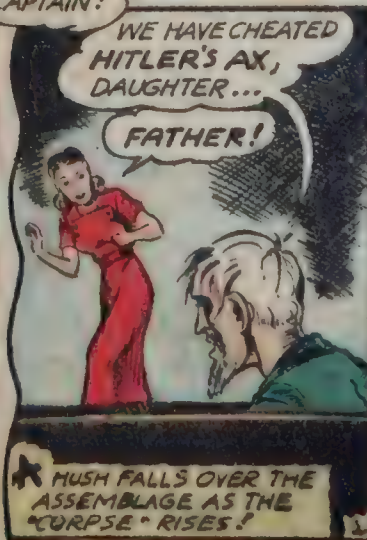
I-I-DON'T
KNOW
YET...

WE WILL
SOON KNOW...



SHIVERY MOMENT
ENSUES AS THE BROWNSHIRTS
APPLY THEMSELVES TO A STRANGE
TASK...

CAREFUL,
MEN!



WE HAVE CHEATED
HITLER'S AX,
DAUGHTER...

FATHER!

MUSH FALLS OVER THE
ASSEMBLAGE AS THE
"CORPSE" RISES!



AT YOUR SERVICE
FRAULEIN...



THE
DESTROYER!

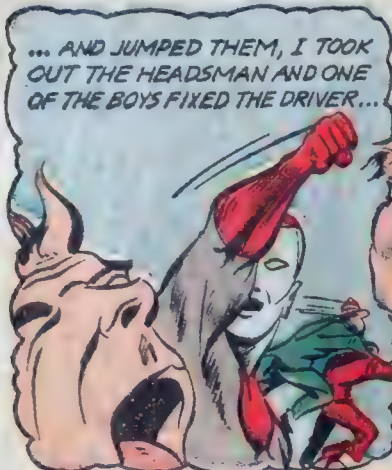


NAZIDOM'S NEMESIS TELLS HIS
WILD TALE...

WE WAITED FOR THE
EXECUTIONER AND HIS
ESCORT AS THEY STARTED
FOR THE PRISON...

THE REUNION OVER, THE TAIL-COATED
MAN OF DEATH TRANSFORMS HIMSELF!

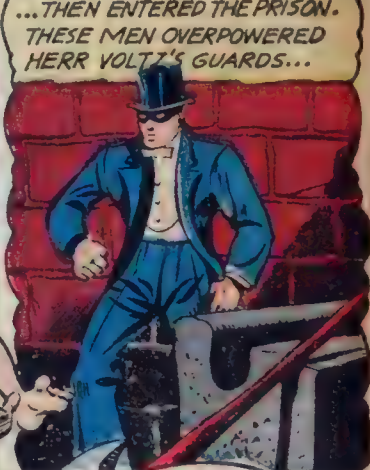
...BUT-BUT HOW
DID YOU MANAGE
THIS FANTASTIC FEAT?



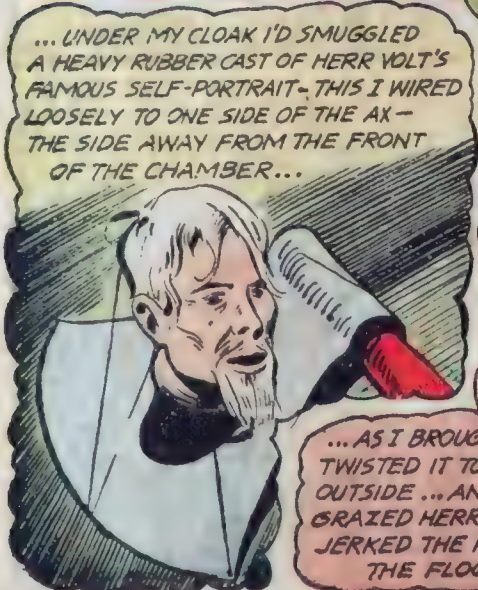
... AND JUMPED THEM, I TOOK
OUT THE HEADSMAN AND ONE
OF THE BOYS FIXED THE DRIVER...



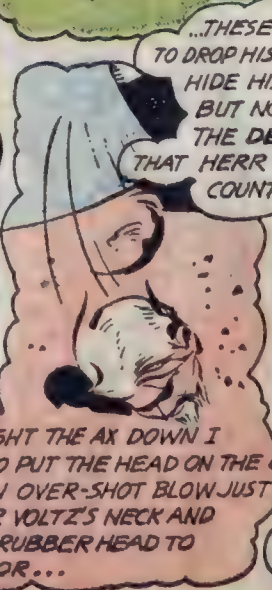
...WE LEFT THE NAZIS
AND TOOK THEIR FANCY
CLOTHES...



...THEN ENTERED THE PRISON.
THESE MEN OVERPOWERED
HERR VOLTZ'S GUARDS...



... UNDER MY CLOAK I'D SMUGGLED
A HEAVY RUBBER CAST OF HERR VOLTZ'S
FAMOUS SELF-PORTRAIT- THIS I WIRED
LOOSELY TO ONE SIDE OF THE AX -
THE SIDE AWAY FROM THE FRONT
OF THE CHAMBER...



...THESE LADS HAD TOLD HERR VOLTZ
TO DROP HIS NECK AGAINST THE BLOCK TO
HIDE HIS HEAD...THE REST YOU KNOW!
BUT NOW, THERE'S MORE WORK FOR
THE DESTROYER. I MEAN TO SEE
THAT HERR VOLTZ GETS OUT OF THE
COUNTRY THE USUAL WAY!



... AS I BROUGHT THE AX DOWN I
TWISTED IT TO PUT THE HEAD ON THE
OUTSIDE ... AN OVER-SHOT BLOW JUST
GRAZED HERR VOLTZ'S NECK AND
JERKED THE RUBBER HEAD TO
THE FLOOR...

TO THINK I EVER
QUESTIONED
THE DESTROYER!

OUTSIDE, THE DESTROYER CHANGES TO HIS TRUE IDENTITY AS KEEN MARLOWE AMERICAN SECRET AGENT... FRAULEIN VOLTZ WILL BE EXPECTING ME - AFTER ALL, IT'S ONLY RIGHT THAT AN OLD FRIEND SHOULD PAY CONDOLENCES!

KEEN MARLOWE COMES TO EXPRESS SYMPATHY FOR A MAN HE KNEW... MY DEAR, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU HOW VERY SORRY I AM...

COME, YOU CAN'T SIT HERE AND GRIEVE. IT WOULD BE DANGEROUS TO BE FOUND MOURNING AN ENEMY OF THE STATE!

FINE ACTING, FRAULEIN!

HE MUSTN'T KNOW FATHER'S ALIVE. IT MIGHT NOT BE SAFE!

OH, THANKS FOR COMING KEEN!

... BUT FRAULEIN, I FEEL THAT YOUR FATHER ISN'T IF HE ONLY KNEW HOW RIGHT HE IS! THAT'S SMALL COMFORT - I MISS HIM SO...

REALLY DEAD, HE'S ONE OF THE IMMORTALS!

THE KEEN EARS OF MARLOWE, THE DESTROYER, CATCHES A PHRASE OR TWO FROM A NEIGHBORING TABLE...

THEY GO TO A RATHSKELLER WHERE HER PRESENCE WOULD ALLAY ANY SUSPICION THAT MIGHT FALL ON HER.

LUTHER, KLEINMAN, AND GOETZ, GET THEIRS DAY AFTER TO-MORROW!

THE MAN IN THE TAIL COAT IS BUSY THESE DAYS - HA-HA-HA.

THE THREE LIBERAL PUBLISHERS! THE DESTROYER WON'T LET THEM DIE!

THAT EVENING, WHEN VOLTZ IS SAFELY OUT OF NAZILAND.

INSIDE, AN UNINVITED GUEST COMES TO DINNER. . . .

ACH!

HIMMEL!

DUNNER-WETTER!

BEFORE STARTING THIS NEW ADVENTURE, I'LL FIRST PUT MY SIGNATURE TO THE VOLTZ ESCAPE!

A-YE E!

ANOTHER CRY FROM TORTURED HUMANITY STIRS THE DESTROYER!

WHAT DOES IT SAY, HERR CAPTAIN?
 "THIS IS AN EXAMPLE OF NON-ARYAN
 ART! AMERICA WELCOMES HEINRICH
 VOLTZ - WITH THANKS - THE DESTROYER!"

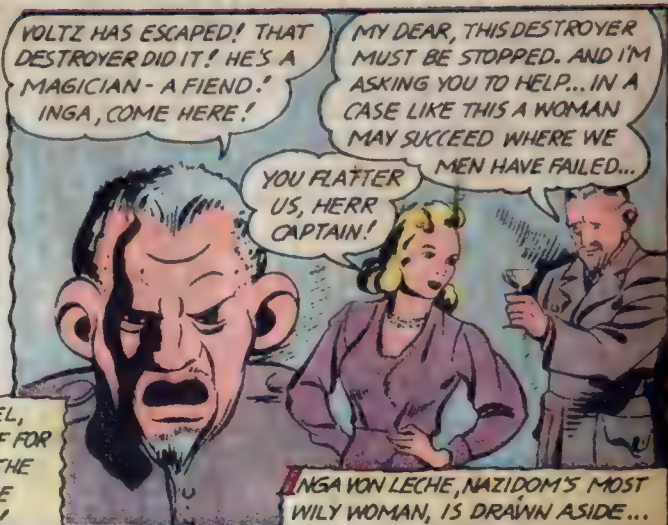


CAPTAIN ACHHIMMEL,
 SPECIAL-DETAIL CHIEF FOR
 THE GESTAPO, GRABS THE
 HEAD AND READS THE
 ATTACHED NOTE!

VOLTZ HAS ESCAPED! THAT
 DESTROYER DID IT! HE'S A
 MAGICIAN - A FIEND!
 INGA, COME HERE!

MY DEAR, THIS DESTROYER
 MUST BE STOPPED. AND I'M
 ASKING YOU TO HELP... IN A
 CASE LIKE THIS A WOMAN
 MAY SUCCEED WHERE WE
 MEN HAVE FAILED...


YOU FLATTER
 US, HERR
 CAPTAIN!



INGA VON LECHÉ, NAZIDOM'S MOST
 WILY WOMAN, IS DRAWN ASIDE...

WE CAN LEARN MORE BY CIRCULATING ABOUT THE CITY!

GOOD! I WANT
 ACTION!



THE NEW MATA HARI... I MUST
 FIND A TABLE MY
 DEAR, WHILE I HAVE A WORD
 WITH THE GENERAL!

MEET HER!



AT THE RATHSKELLER THAT
 KEEN FREQUENTS...

OO?D!



A QUICK TWIST OF A
 WALKING STICK, AND...

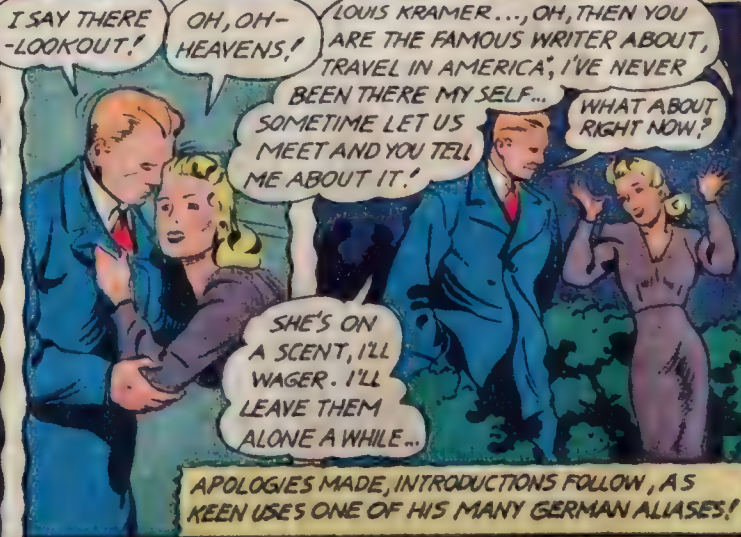
I SAY THERE
 -LOOKOUT!

OH, OH-
 HEAVENS!

LOUIS KRAMER..., OH, THEN YOU
 ARE THE FAMOUS WRITER ABOUT,
 TRAVEL IN AMERICA, I'VE NEVER
 BEEN THERE MYSELF...
 SOMETIME LET US
 MEET AND YOU TELL
 ME ABOUT IT!

WHAT ABOUT
 RIGHT NOW?

SHE'S ON
 A SCENT, I'LL
 WAGER. I'LL
 LEAVE THEM
 ALONE A WHILE...



APOLOGIES MADE, INTRODUCTIONS FOLLOW, AS
 KEEN USES ONE OF HIS MANY GERMAN ALIASES!

CAPTAIN ACHHIMMEL SENDS ORDERS TO DRAW OFF ALL GUARDS BUT ONE TO EASTWALL, AN ESCAPE ATTEMPT FROM THAT DIRECTION IS FEARED!

THE VULTURES COME TO ROOST WITH THEIR PREY!

I'M SURE THE DESTROYER WILL RESCUE US... HIS NOTE I FOUND IN THE POLICE CAR PROMISED, "PRISONERS HAVE COURAGE - THE DESTROYER!"

IT WON'T BE LONG, NOW!

JA, I DO IT! YOU MAY DELIVER THE PRISONERS AS PER THE CAPTAIN'S PREVIOUS ORDER...

A GOOD MAN - HE KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE PRISONERS!

INSIDE, YOU SCHWEINHUNDEN!

AT DORPERSTEIN'S FORBIDDING GATES.....

THE DESTROYER!

THE DESTROYER!

QUIET! TIE UP THIS MAN AND GAS HIM, HURRY!

ADMIRABLE PLAY-ACTING, HERR KRAMER!

AND DON'T FORGET IT!

SWAT!

AND THEN!

THE DESTROYER IS A CLEVER MAN!

THERE'S THE TRUCK WITH THE PRISONERS AND THE GESTAPO AGENTS.

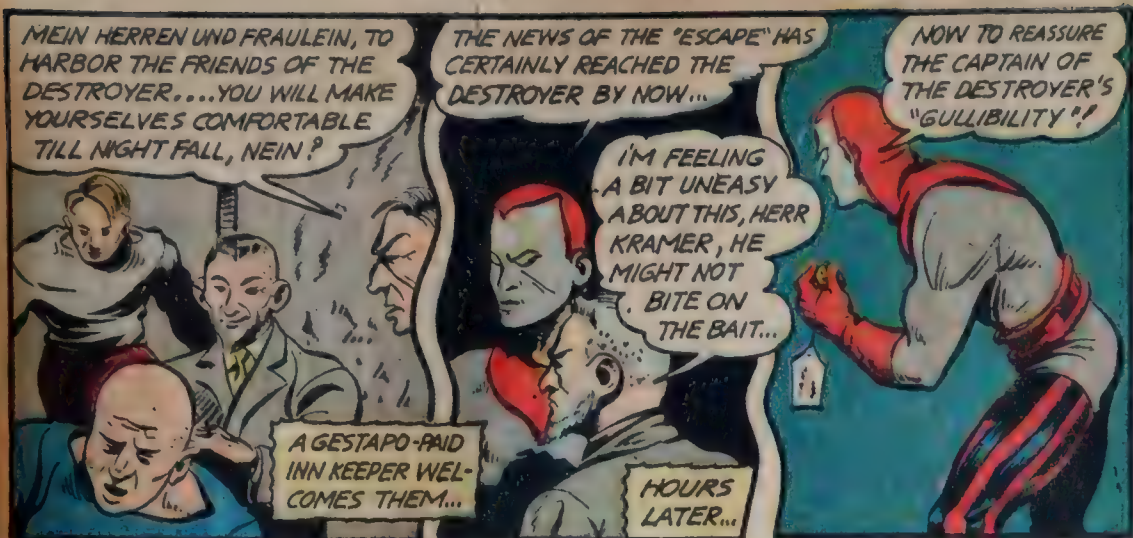
NOW WE WAIT FOR THE CLOSE-IN SIGNAL, WHEN THE DESTROYER COMES FOR THEM!

NOT AS CLEVER AS HIS GERMAN IMPERSONATOR!

HURRY, BEFORE THE ALARM IS SOUNDED!

SH-SH-SH!

A MOUNTAIN INN...



COMPLIMENTS OF THE CAPTAIN, GENTLEMEN. HE SUGGESTS A CLEVER RUSE TO DRAW THE DESTROYER MORE EASILY INTO YOUR TRAP!

THREE OF YOU BIND AND GAG THE OTHER THREE AND LEAVE THEM HERE FOR THE REAL DESTROYER TO SEE WHEN HE APPROACHES. THAT WILL LEAVE SIX OF US NAZIS TO COPE WITH THE SINGLE AMERICAN... NOW MAKE IT LOOK REAL!

IT IS DONE, HERR KRAMER!

GOOD! NOW TO PROTECT THE HERR CAPTAIN AND FRAULEIN VON LECHE, YOU

WILL UNLOAD YOUR RIFLES SO THERE'LL BE NO ACCIDENTS. OUR NUMBERS WILL BE ENOUGH TO ASSURE SUCCESS WITHOUT BULLETS!

GOOD - WE OBEY!

AS YOU COMMAND, HERR, KRAMER!

THEN WITH LIGHTNING SPEED AND SHOCK, THE DESTROYER STRIKES!

POW

WITH UNTHINKING NAZI STUPIDITY, THE MEN EMPTY THEIR GUNS!

NOW HERE'S A SURE CURE FOR INSOMNIA - COMPLIMENTS OF THE DESTROYER!

CONTACT!

ACH! ~~HE~~ ISS DER REAL DESTROYER!

ROUND ONE! NOW TO REASSURE MY GESTAPO PALS!

DESTROYER? NO, PAL - THE WHOLE DARN FLEET!

WELL... THE GUARD IS SET (AND NOW). I DITCHED THAT SILLY DESTROYER COSTUME SO AS NOT TO BE MISTAKEN, FOR THAT AMERICAN FOOL...

THAT-MAN-KRAMER-HE IS THE DESTROYER! WE MUST ACT!

YOU GO BACK AND WARN US WHEN HE COMES...

THIS FINISHES THE DESTROYER!

THE DESTROYER CHANGES HIS ATTIRE ...

NOW FOR ROUND TWO! THE FAKE DESTROYER BECOMES THE REAL DESTROYER!

BUT WARNED BY SOME SIXTH-SENSE THE DESTROYER DUCKS, AND...

UMPH!

AYEEE!

STABBERS IN-THE-BACK, EH?

COME-ON, BUTCHER-CLEAVE!

WHEW! CLOSE ONE!

U-U-GH!

WHEER!

WARNING BELL FOR ROUND THREE!

CURRAACK!

THE DESTROYER KEEPS AN APPOINTMENT WITH THREE CONDEMNED MEN....



OUR QUARRY
WILL BE HERE
SOON--
FRAULEIN...

TOUGH! HE
WAS FUN TO
PLAY GAMES
WITH!

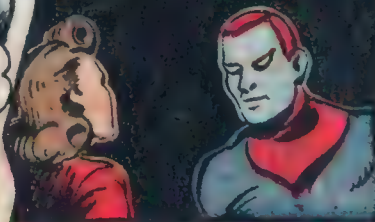
HELP--
KRAMER!
HELP!



HE'S
DEAD!

MISS VON LECHE,
YOUR FRIEND KRAMER
IS A CLEVER FELLOW--
QUITE A SCHEME HE
COOKED UP!

AND HE'LL GET YOU
YET, AMERICAN!



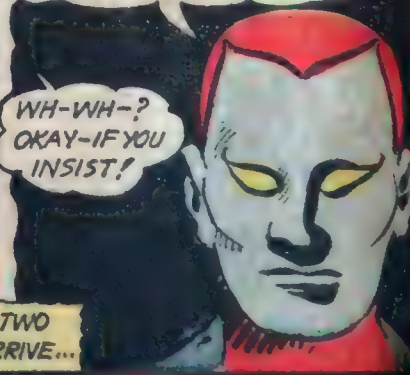
THE DESTROYER ENJOYS
A BIT OF YANKEE HUMOR...



IT MAY SURPRISE YOU, MISS, TO
KNOW THAT KRAMER GOT ME
MANY TIMES-- BUT NEVER FOR LONG,
THE DESTROYER ALWAYS ESCAPES,
KEEP KRAMER AT IT THO, HE'S
THE BEST MAN YOU HAVE!

NOW-- SMACK ME IN THE EYE
AND DON'T PULL THE PUNCH!

WH-WH-?
OKAY-IF YOU
INSIST!



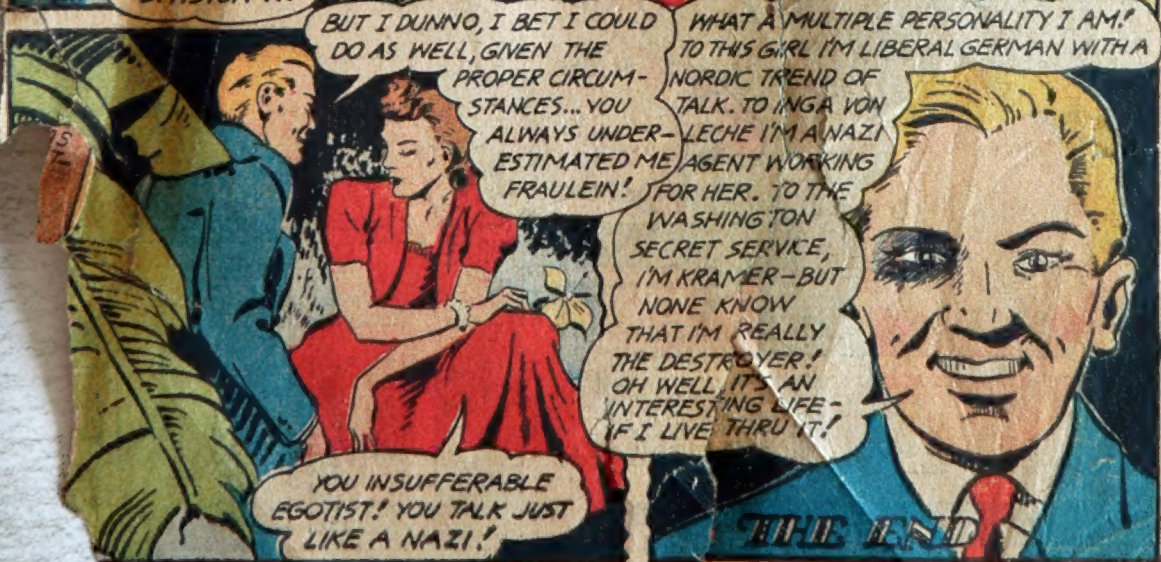
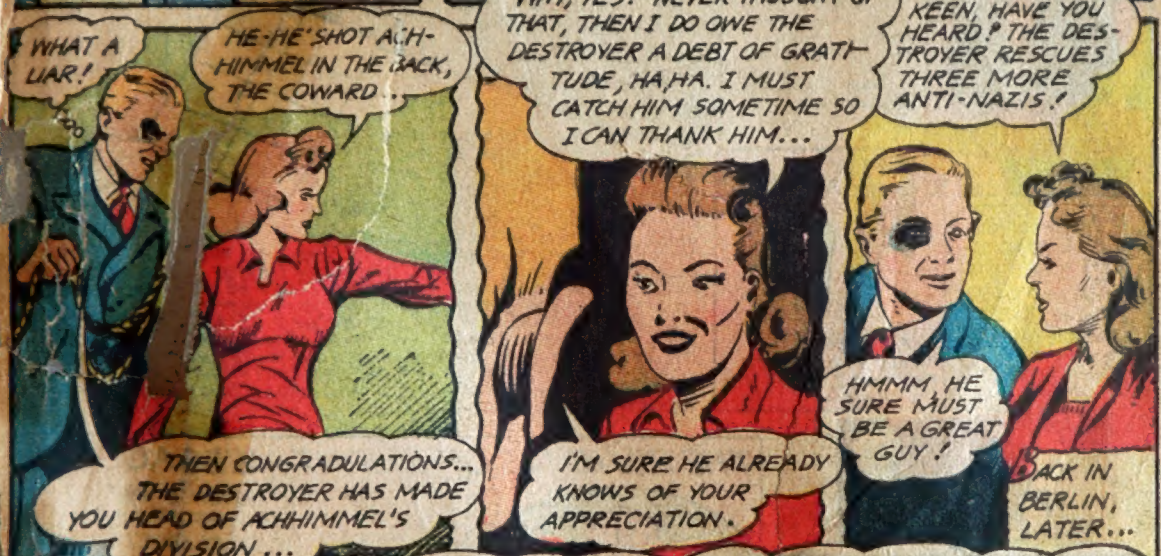
S'LONG BOYS, SOMEBODY'LL
PICK YOU UP SOON, DON'T
CATCH COLD...



GOOD, MEN, TAKE THEM OUT
THE WAY VOLTZ WENT, THEN
RETURN AND DISPOSE OF THE
GUARDS AND INN KEEPER!
I CAN'T HAVE PEOPLE ABOUT
WHO KNOW MY IDENTITY!



BY PREARRANGEMENT THE TWO
LADS OF THE VOLTZ AFFAIR ARRIVE...



WHAT A MAN!
MAN? YOU MEAN
WHAT AN ARMY THAT
GUY IS!

A QUICK CHANGE OF
CLOTHES AND...

KRAMER - I CALLED
AND CALLED!

FRAULEIN - I
FEAR THE DE-
STROYER CALLED
FIRST!

WHAT A
LIAR!

HE-HE'S SHOT ACH-
HIMMEL IN THE BACK,
THE COWARD...

WHY, YES! NEVER THOUGHT OF
THAT, THEN I DO OWE THE
DESTROYER A DEBT OF GRATI-
TUDE, HA, HA. I MUST
CATCH HIM SOMETIME SO
I CAN THANK HIM...

KEEN, HAVE YOU
HEARD? THE DES-
TROYER RESCUES
THREE MORE
ANTI-NAZIS!

THEN CONGRADULATIONS...
THE DESTROYER HAS MADE
YOU HEAD OF ACHHIMMEL'S
DIVISION...

I'M SURE HE ALREADY
KNOWS OF YOUR
APPRECIATION.

HMMM HE
SURE MUST
BE A GREAT
GUY!

BACK IN
BERLIN,
LATER...

BUT I DUNNO, I BET I COULD
DO AS WELL, GIVEN THE
PROPER CIRCUM-
STANCES... YOU
ALWAYS UNDER-
ESTIMATED ME, AGENT
FRAULEIN!

WHAT A MULTIPLE PERSONALITY I AM!
TO THIS GIRL I'M LIBERAL GERMAN WITH A
NORDIC TEND OF
TALK. TO INGA VON
LECHE I'M A NAZI
AGENT WORKING
FOR HER. TO THE
WASHINGTON
SECRET SERVICE,
I'M KRAMER - BUT
NONE KNOW
THAT I'M REALLY
THE DESTROYER!
OH WELL, IT'S AN
INTERESTING LIFE -
IF I LIVE THRU IT!

YOU INSUFFERABLE
EGOTIST! YOU TALK JUST
LIKE A NAZI!

THE END

HOCUS POCUS

EXPLAINED BY THE FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL MAGICIAN

Keith CLARK



THE SPOOK RAPPING TRICK



EFFECT—WHILE A GROUP OF PEOPLE ARE SEATED ABOUT A TABLE—THE SPIRIT MEDIUM PRODUCES MYSTERIOUS RAPS FROM THE TABLE—THEY'RE SUPPOSEDLY COMING FROM THE DEAD....!!



IF YOU'LL BRING THIS PICTURE TOWARD YOUR EYES I'LL DRINK THIS SODA AS IT ALMOST TOUCHES YOUR NOSE !!



THE SAFETY PINS AND RIBBONS—FOUR SAFETY PINS ARE USED IN THIS TRICK. THEY ARE ALL ALIKE BUT EACH ONE HAS A DIFFERENT COLOR RIBBON ATTACHED TO IT. THE PERFORMER IS GIVEN ONE IN BEHIND HIS BACK. HE THEN NAMES THE COLOR OF THE RIBBON WITHOUT SEEING IT.



SECRET—RED RIBBON IS ON THE SOLID BAR OF A PIN. WHITE ON THE LOOSE BAR—BLUE ON A SOLID BAR—BUT THE BLACK ON A LOOSE BAR—THE POINTS OF BLUE AND BLACK PINS ARE DULLED BY OPENING THE PIN AND FEELING THE RIBBON AND POINTS YOU CAN NAME THE COLOR.

DEAD OR ALIVE??

EFFECT—A SMALL SHEET OF PAPER IS TORN INTO EIGHT PIECES THESE ARE HANDED OUT TO THE AUDIENCE WITH THE REQUEST THAT FOUR OF THEM WRITE THE INITIALS OF PERSONS NOW ALIVE AND THE OTHER FOUR WRITE THE INITIALS OF PERSONS WHO HAVE DIED—WHEN THIS HAS BEEN DONE THE SLIPS ARE PLACED INTO A HAT—WHERE THEY'RE SHAKEN SO AS TO MIX THEM—THE MAGICIAN NOW REACHES INTO THE HAT AND REMOVES ONE OF THE SLIPS. HE DOES NOT LOOK AT IT—NEVERTHELESS, HE INSTANTLY TELLS WHETHER THE SLIP CONTAINS THE INITIALS OF A DEAD OR LIVING PERSON WHICHEVER THE CASE MAY BE—THIS IS REPEATED WITH THE OTHER SLIPS !!



SECRET—THE PAPER WAS TORN IN THE MANNER SHOWN IN THE DIAGRAM. BY LOOKING AT THE PICTURE AT THE RIGHT YOU WILL SEE THAT FOUR OF THE RESULTING PIECES WILL HAVE TWO SMOOTH EDGES WHILE THE OTHER FOUR WILL HAVE ONLY ONE—WHEN HANDING OUT THE SLIPS TO THE AUDIENCE THE MAGICIAN ALTERNATES THESE TWO VARIETIES OF EDGES. EACH TIME HE GIVES OUT ONE WITH TWO SMOOTH EDGES HE ASKS THE AUDIENCE TO PUT DOWN THE INITIALS OF A LIVE PERSON. WHEN HE REACHES INTO THE HAT IT IS A SIMPLE MATTER TO FEEL THE EDGES AND THUS KNOW WHETHER HE IS TO ANNOUNCE THAT IDENTIFIES A LIVE PERSON OR ONE NO LONGER LIVING. THE TRICK AND GENUINELY FOOLED BY IT !!

THE READING OF BURNT MESSAGES



EFFECT—THE AUDIENCE WRITE QUESTIONS ON SLIPS OF PAPER AND SEAL THESE IN ENVELOPES THEN BURNING THEM IN A BOWL OF FIRE—THE MEDIUM PROCEEDS TO ANSWER THE QUESTIONS—!!

SECRET—THE SLIPS ARE ACTUALLY SLID THROUGH THE PEDESTAL AS SHOWN BELOW—THEN HIS ASSISTANT OPENS THEM AND SLIDES THEM THROUGH A SLIT IN THE STAGE AS SHOWN BELOW !!





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